


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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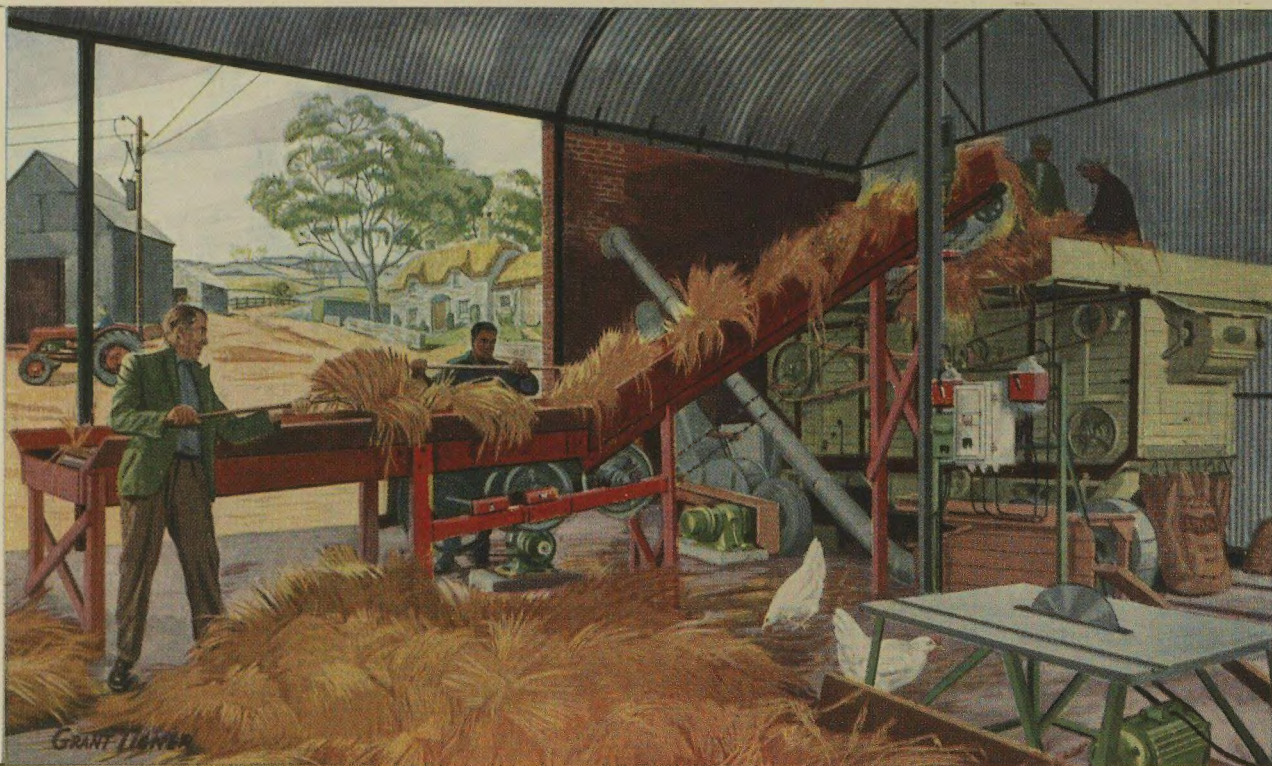
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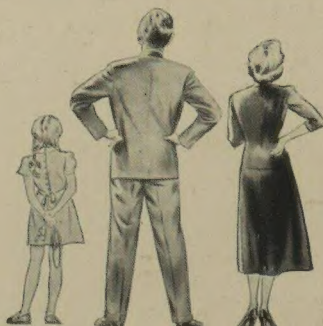
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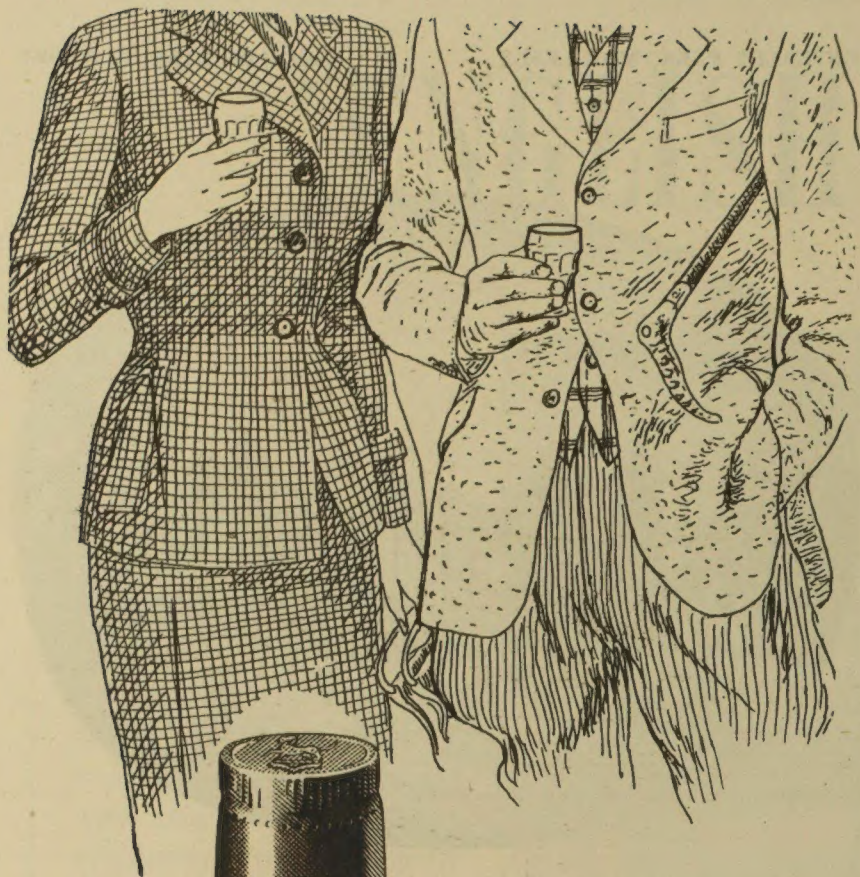
to all appreciative homes. Those who have not yet seen these treasures can still do so. The collection will be on view throughout the autumn at Sandersons, Berners Street, London, and Newton Terrace, Glasgow, and in many leading furnishing stores throughout the country. It is also being shown in New York by F. Schumacher & Co., and in Stockholm by Eric Ewers A.B.



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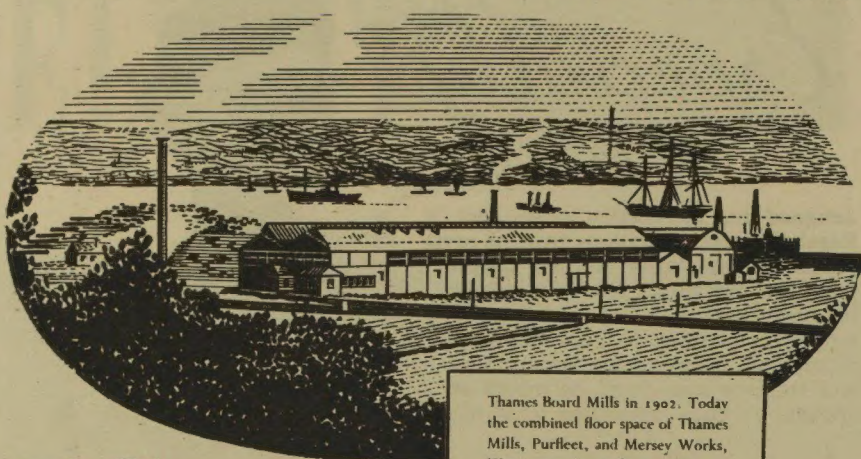
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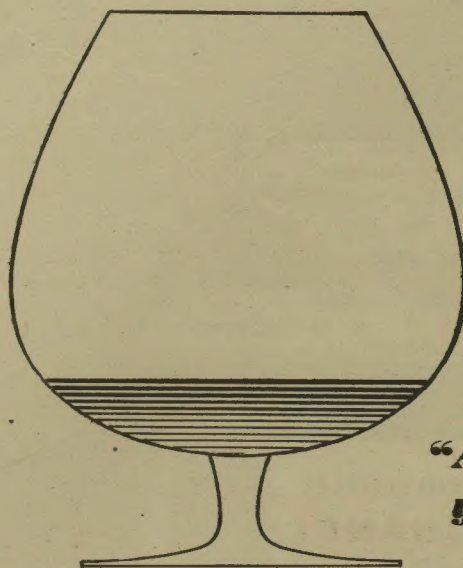


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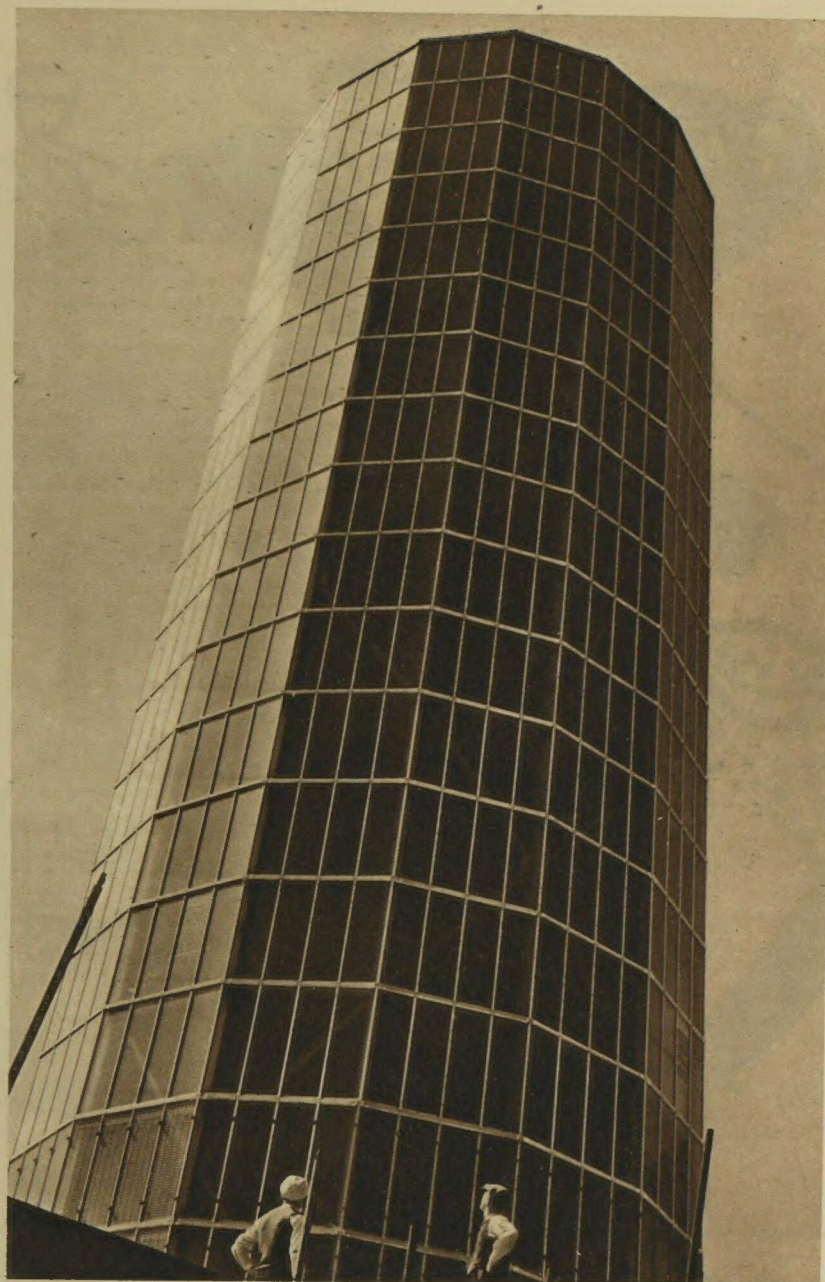
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Glass claddings are a striking feature in contemporary architectural design, and architects are finding the grace and strength of Aluminex Patent Glazing an answer to many problems; witness the hot water storage tank at the Pimlico Housing Estate in Westminster (illustrated above).

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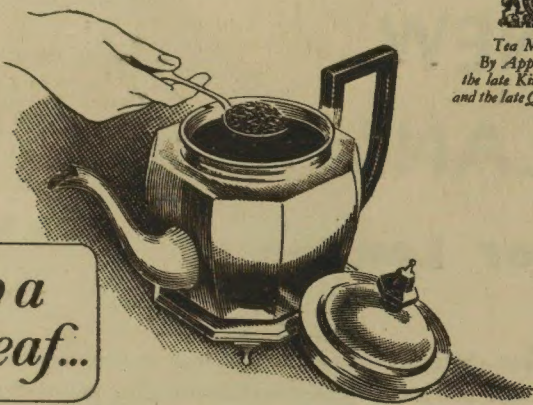
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1952.



THE STRONG MAN OF EGYPT ACKNOWLEDGING THE PLAUDITS OF THE CROWD: A CHARACTERISTIC PHOTOGRAPH OF GENERAL NEGUIB, THE PREMIER, WHO HAS SIGNED AN AGREEMENT WITH THE SUDANESE INDEPENDENCE PARTIES.

Our photograph of General Neguib, Prime Minister of Egypt, is a striking illustration of the strong hold which he has over the affections of the ordinary people and the immense enthusiasm roused by his appearances in public. He has shown himself a man of action since he took command of the affairs of the country, and the agreement signed in Cairo on October 29 between the Egyptian Government and the delegates of the Sudan independence movement may eventually open a way to the solution of the difficult Sudan question, chief

obstacle to Anglo-Egyptian co-operation. In this agreement Egypt recognises the right of the Sudanese to sovereignty over their own country, until such time as self-determination is exercised; and thus it is hoped that it may be possible for the Governor-General of the Sudan to proclaim the self-government statute with the approval of Egypt as well as of Britain. Some of the unionist leaders are believed to have been reluctant to sign the agreement, but General Neguib convinced them of its advantages from the long-term point of view.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

AT the time of writing—though I have little doubt it will be resolved by the time this appears in print—there is great public debate and argument going on as to whether the Coronation Service next June should be televised and, if so, to what extent. There are two opposed points of view, both perfectly legitimate, which seem at first hard to reconcile. One is that everyone should so far as possible have the chance of seeing the Coronation; that the Queen should be crowned, as is laid down in ancient constitutional theory, "in the sight of all the people." The other is that the great act of Coronation is a religious service of the most sacred character, whose validity—one affecting the whole community—as a means of communication between men living in temporal time and the Eternal Power that sustains them depends, as all prayer must, on the completeness, reverence and sincerity of that intercession and communion. To treat it as a form of public entertainment, gaped at by men and women smoking in fireside armchairs or drinking in tap-rooms, is, it is argued, to destroy the very spiritual link which is the sole purpose of the religious service that accompanies, solemnises and justifies the Coronation. Unless we think of the Crown as sacred, the Sovereign as dedicated to God, and appreciate that sanctity and dedication are the province not of the physical body but of the spirit, the Coronation Service is nothing but a picturesque and interesting piece of antique flummery and had better, rationally speaking, give way to some more flamboyant form of jubilation better calculated to appeal, in the name of egalitarian popularity, to the lowest possible common denominator—the end, as it seems to-day, of most forms of contemporary public entertainment, particularly those provided by the bulk of the Press and increasingly, too, by certain branches of the B.B.C. If, in that case, we are to retain a Coronation Service at all, it could be pruned of all words and ceremonies not likely to be clearly and immediately understood and enjoyed by the listeners to a popular radio programme like "Mrs. Dale's Diary." The religious susceptibilities of no one could in that case be offended by what remained, for nothing religious, or of any serious or solemn content, would remain.

Much, therefore, in this unfortunate controversy—for anything connected with the Crown that divides instead of unifying is to be deeply deprecated—depends on whether we believe in something higher than the State. If we do not, if the celebration of the inception of the State's symbolic Head appears to us as the sole end of the exercise, it would appear, by our democratic standards, nonsensical and anti-social, not to say snobbish and selfish, to deprive anyone, who can be given by scientific means a view of the symbolism, the fullest possible opportunity to enjoy it. This appeared to be the view of the matter taken in an article which I read the other day in a great popular newspaper, written with remarkable vehemence and what seemed to me a rather startling disregard for social consequences. With all due respect for this attitude and the manner in which it was expressed, it seems to be a species of cant to pretend that the television of the Coronation is going to afford a sight of the ceremony to the British people as a whole; only a small minority of them at present possess television sets, and a minority mainly confined to those who feel able to devote a considerable part of their spending-power to purposes of private amusement. It is not, therefore, in any particular sense a representative or even an especially responsible minority: it is merely a minority. And it is worth noting in this context that those who will be attending the Abbey service next June will mostly be there because in historic theory—though not, of course, all of them in current and actual practise—they represent some kind of responsibility. A peer of the realm, like a member of the House of Commons, was originally

a man who in constitutional theory was responsible for the well-being of a part of the realm. There is also the further, and far more important and relevant point, that all those witnessing the ceremony in the Abbey will be taking part in a religious service. Of these only the most active participants in that service will obtain a direct view, or anything approaching a direct view, of the actual coronation itself and of the royal Communion of which it is a part. I was myself present, in the very humble capacity of a commentator, at the last Coronation, and two points struck me forcibly: that the function, though a very moving one, was a religious

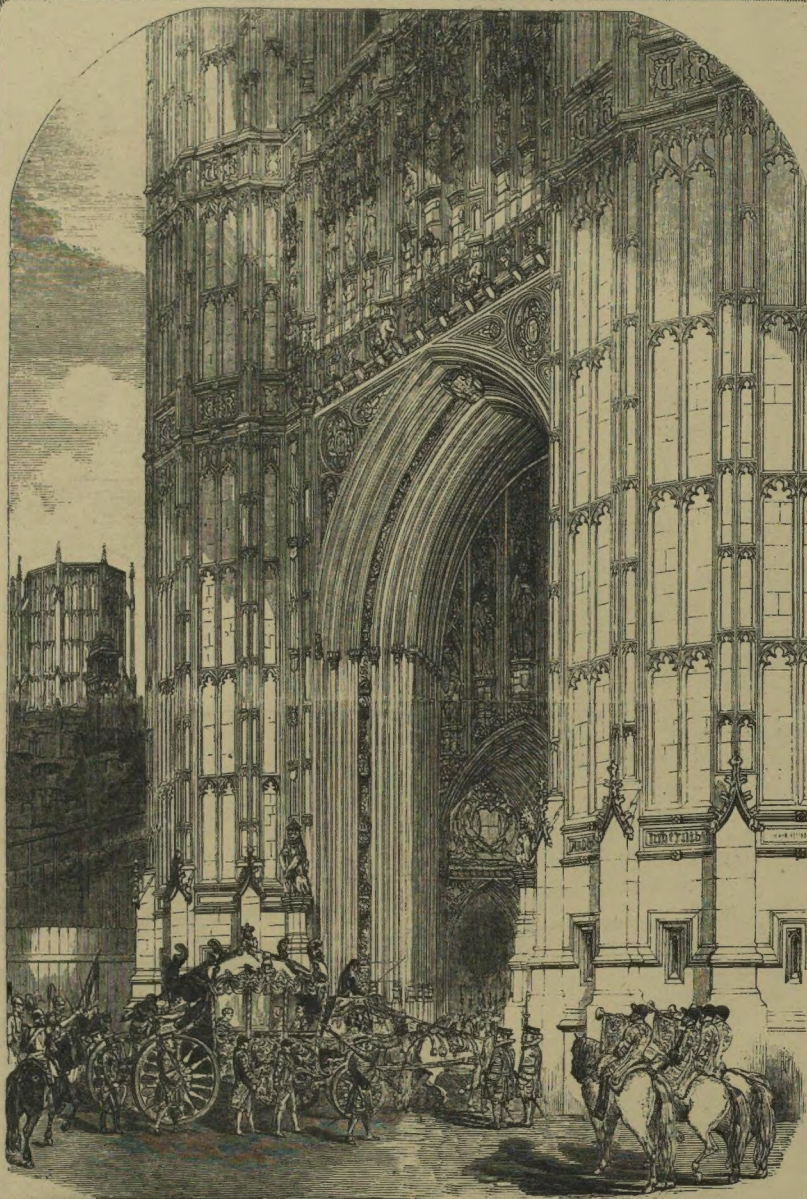
service of the most solemn, exacting and exhausting kind even for the more passive members of the congregation; and that as a spectacle it was comparable only to that enjoyed by a very small man standing at the back of a very large crowd watching a, to him, invisible procession. And, because I was reporting the scene for several hundred thousand or million readers, I was allowed to enjoy a view far less interrupted than that of at least nine-tenths of the congregation. Most of them could see nothing of the crowning at all.

The most lucid comment on the matter which I have so far read has come from the pen of Professor Joad. He opposed the televising of the anointing on two grounds. The first was that it is a religious act—both for the Sovereign and the whole British community throughout the world—and that therefore "it should be invested with awe, with mystery and with reverence which are not compatible with the glaring lights of television." "You have only," he continued, "to ask yourself whether it would be appropriate to televise an ordinary Communion Service. If you say no, then the same surely applies to the televising of an extraordinary Communion service."* After which this very shrewd critic, who has one of the keenest and clearest brains of any living Englishman, went on to his second objection. Allowing that the majority of men and women in this country no longer attend religious services and no longer apparently believe in any religion, he took the assumption that the State and its symbol, royalty, had unconsciously become the popular substitute for religion. And this seems to me a reasonable hypothesis, or why should there have been so much popular feeling and clamour about the dispute at all? And in that case, Dr. Joad went on, "it follows that, if royalty is to play its part as the national religion, some things about it must be kept aloof, secret and mysterious." Unless, he argued, some part of the Coronation Service is kept inviolate from "the prying eyes of the spectacle-seeking multitude . . . you turn the whole thing into the greatest public entertainment that the modern world can stage and you turn it into nothing else. Would you, after all," he asked, "judge the coronation ceremony by the same standards as you would apply in the case of an American Presidential election?" Anyone who holds a contrary opinion—and millions, who have not thought deeply about the

matter, presumably do—ought to try to answer these two questions. My own view—and it is only an unimportant and personal one—is that the real value of our English monarchy—and it seems to me beyond all price—is that it is based on our belief in a spiritual force greater than that of any earthly power and that the Coronation is the outward and visible sign of that belief. It is this belief alone which keeps us from the appalling and growing heresy—the scourge of the modern world—that the man-made power of the State is an end in itself and should be worshipped. We have seen how and where that worship ends—in the shambles of Belsen and the ruins of Berchtesgaden—and, unless we avow our faith in a truer and nobler belief, we shall see it end there again.

* Sunday Dispatch, October 26, 1952.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: AN ILLUSTRATION AND QUOTATIONS FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF NOVEMBER 13, 1852.



"OPENING OF THE NEW PARLIAMENT—ARRIVAL OF HER MAJESTY AT THE VICTORIA TOWER, HOUSE OF LORDS."

On November 4, 1952, Queen Elizabeth II. arranged to open the new session of Parliament. We here reproduce from our issue dated November 13, 1852, an illustration of the "splendid ceremonial of the Opening of Parliament" by her Majesty's great-great-grandmother Queen Victoria, one hundred years ago. The Palace of Westminster, with the exception of Westminster Hall, was destroyed by fire in 1834; and rebuilt between 1840-67, so that in 1852, the reconstruction was not complete. The Victoria Tower of the then new Houses of Parliament was described as follows in *The Illustrated London News* of November 13, 1852: "This imposing portion of the New Palace is placed at the south-west angle of the pile of buildings. In plan it is square, with octagonal turrets at the angles; and from Old Palace-yard there are two great archways; one on the west and the other on the south side. The archways are marvellously fine; their immense size, their deep mouldings, and their profuse enrichments of Tudor roses and crowns in the hollow of the arches . . . make up a superb *coup d'œil*." It will be remembered that during the recent war the Palace of Westminster was damaged severely by enemy action and that the Commons Chamber was destroyed. The new House of Commons was formally opened on October 26, 1950. Reproduced from an engraving by J. L. Williams published in "The Illustrated London News" of November 13, 1852.



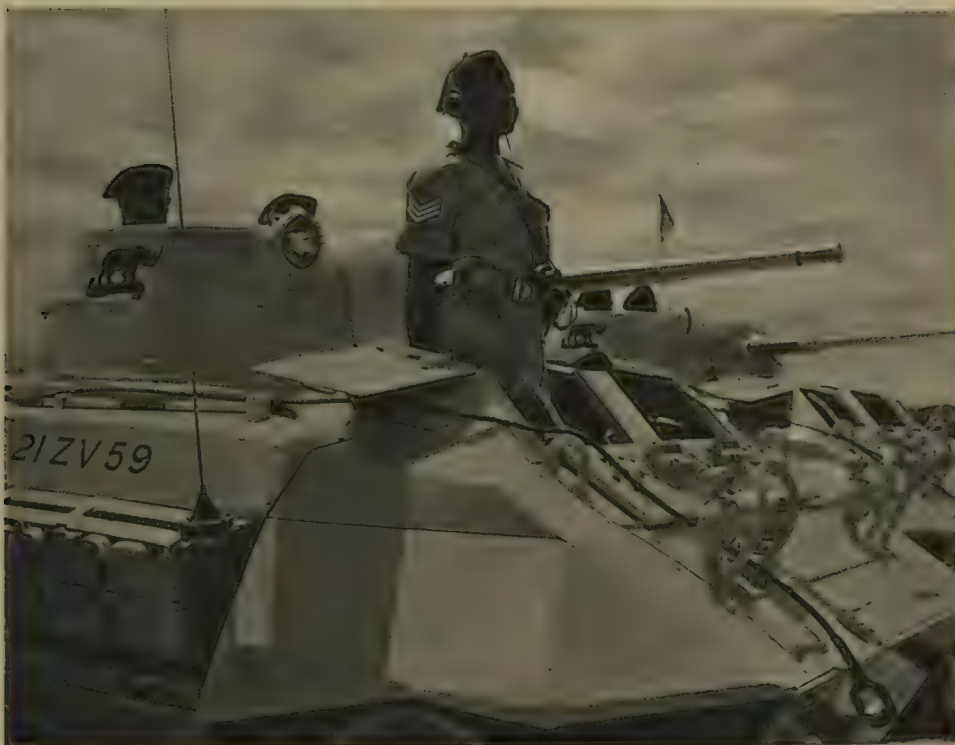
(ABOVE.) A MORTAR CREW OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES CARRYING OUT A MOCK SHOOT.



THE KILTED REGIMENTAL BAND OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES ON PARADE AT THE DEPÔT AT NANYUKI. NANYUKI LIES TO THE NORTH-WEST OF MT. KENYA.

ON October 20, when the state of emergency was proclaimed in Kenya, troops were called on to reinforce police in maintaining security. In addition to two battalions of the King's African Rifles already in Kenya, reinforcements of one battalion from Tanganyika and two companies from Uganda of the same regiment were brought in; the Kenya Regiment (a European territorial unit) was called out; and troops of the 1st Battalion, The Lancashire Fusiliers were flown in. At the time of writing it appeared that the last-named were being used as strategic reserves; but the K.A.R. and the Kenya Regiment were being used to comb Kikuyu villages overlooking the Rift Valley in a search for terrorists. The King's African Rifles consist of seven battalions, all drawn from Eastern and Central Africa. They are officered by British officers and in the training battalion the N.C.O.s are also British. Two battalions—the 3rd Kenya Battalion and the 1st Nyasaland Battalion—are serving with distinction in Malaya.

(RIGHT.) THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES, FAMOUS IN THE FIELD, ARE ALSO WELL KNOWN FOR THEIR SMARTNESS ON PARADE.



MEN AND VEHICLES OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES ARMOURD SQUADRONS: THESE SQUADRONS WERE FORMED IN 1942 UNDER THE NAME OF THE EAST AFRICAN ARMOURD CAR REGIMENT.



MEN OF THE K.A.R. IN AN A.-A. BATTERY: THIS FAMOUS AFRICAN REGIMENT COMPRISES ARMOURD CAR SQUADRONS, GUNNERS, AND INFANTRY.

MEN WHO ARE PLAYING A VITAL PART IN SUPPRESSING THE MAU MAU TERRORISTS IN KENYA: THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES.



IN THE KIKUYU AREA OF KENYA, WHERE THE MAU MAU SECRET SOCIETY HAS BLAZED A TRAIL OF MURDER AND ARSON: A PEACEFUL STREET SCENE IN NYERI.



WATCHING CATTLE AT A WATER-HOLE AT KIAMBU, TWELVE MILES WEST OF NAIROBI: KIKUYU CHILDREN IN A PASTORAL SETTING IN MAU MAU TERRITORY.



AN APPARENTLY DESERTED VILLAGE—THE INHABITANTS BEING TOO SHY TO FACE THE CAMERA: HUTS IN A SMALL KIKUYU SETTLEMENT FIVE MILES FROM NAIROBI.



SHOWING THE MEMORIAL CLOCK AND DRINKING-FOUNTAIN: A SCENE IN THE MAIN STREET OF NYERI, WHICH IS NEAR THE LODGE PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN BY THE COLONY.



COUNTRY, SOME FIFTY MILES FROM NAIROBI, IN WHICH THE MAU MAU TERRORISTS HAVE OPERATED: A VIEW ACROSS THE GREAT RIFT VALLEY, IN WHICH ARE SMALL NATIVE FARMS MIXED WITH EUROPEAN SETTLERS' LARGER HOLDINGS.



SHOWING THE ABERDARE MOUNTAINS IN THE BACKGROUND: A NORTH OF NAIROBI IN THE NYERI DISTRICT, WHERE THE PEOPLE MAINLY CULTIVATE THE HILLY LAND.



VIEW OF TYPICAL COUNTRY IN THE KIKUYU LOCATIONS TO THE PEOPLE MAINLY CULTIVATE THE HILLY LAND.



THE KENYA LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL IN SESSION IN NAIROBI: STANDING AND SPEAKING (ON THE LEFT) IS THE HON. J. WHYATT, THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND MEMBER FOR LAW AND ORDER. THE VICE-PRESIDENT, THE HON. W. K. HORNE, IS IN THE CHAIR.



INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR MOUNTED BY THE 1ST BN., THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS: THE GOVERNOR, SIR EVELYN BARING, AT THE OPENING SESSION OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.



WITH THE TOWERING SNOW-COVERED PEAKS OF MOUNT KENYA IN THE BACKGROUND: BUYING AND SELLING PROCEEDING IN A LEISURELY FASHION AT THE NYERI MARKET.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF MAU MAU TERRORISM: THE KENYA LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL, AND PEACEFUL SCENES

The Kenya Legislative Council (of which we show a photograph) consists (since May, 1952) of 14 elected European members, 6 elected Indian members (2 representing Indian Moslems), 1 elected Arab member, 1 Arab nominated to represent Arab interests, 6 nominated unofficial members (all Africans) to represent the African

community, 8 ex-officio official members, and 18 nominated official members with the Governor as President, and a Speaker who is also Vice-President. This Council advises and consents to Ordinances made by the Governor. On October 29 the Governor of Kenya, Sir Evelyn Baring, opened the session of the Legislative Council

N.B.—Further photographs showing the action being taken



INTERROGATING SIX YOUNG KIKUYUS SUSPECTED OF BEING MEMBERS OF THE MAU MAU SECRET SOCIETY: A POLICE OFFICER AT KARIKOO, ON THE BOUNDARY OF THE KIKUYU RESERVE.



ABOUT TO MOVE OFF TO HUNT DOWN MAU MAU TERRORISTS: ARMOURD CARS MANNED BY VOLUNTEERS OF THE KENYA POLICE RESERVE DRAWN UP BY THE ROADSIDE.

IN THE KIKUYU COUNTRY, NOW MARRED BY ATROCITIES COMMITTED ON AFRICANS AND EUROPEANS ALIKE.

In Nairobi and in his speech stressed the difficulty of carrying out development plans while conditions of unrest prevail. On the previous night a European farmer, Mr. E. J. N. Bowyer, living at North Kinangop, to the west of the Great Rift Valley, and his two African servants were slashed with knives by a gang of Africans and against Mau Mau terrorists appear elsewhere in this issue.

killed. Mr. Lyttelton, Secretary of State for the Colonies, arrived by air at Nairobi on October 29. He was due to spend three days touring the Colony and a final three days in Nairobi before returning. Other photographs on these pages show typical Kikuyu country—peaceful scenes which have been marred by atrocities.

THE capture of Nghia Lo by the forces of Viet Minh and the local collapse which followed it may not stand for a grievous French set-back in Indo-China except morally, but there it was undeniably serious. No reverse on such a scale had been suffered since the late Marshal de Lattre was entrusted with the country's destinies—and that is upwards of two years ago. Those who support the Communist cause, and pessimists or faint-hearts who do not go so far, will argue that France and Viet Nam are unable to maintain the struggle when deprived of his genius. To be frank, I myself always felt that the loss of this great soldier would make the hard task far more difficult still. He died with his work half-done, and it is his inspiration, his appeal to the young, which have since been most missed. It is too early to judge the military significance of the blow, which may be revealed by later events. The French Minister of National Defence, M. Pleven, boldly denied on October 24 that it had had any strategic effect, though he acknowledged that it had harmed French prestige and that the losses incurred were to be deplored.

In his sketch of the affair M. Pleven attributed the defeat to three main causes: the secrecy with which the enemy enshrouded his intentions, the superiority of strength which he was thus enabled to bring to bear, and the unfavourable weather, which compelled the air forces to abandon the support of the land forces. This support, he informed the National Assembly, had proved effective up to the very night during which the fatal assault was delivered. At first sight this excuse of secrecy appears reasonable enough, but on further examination it seems disquieting. There had been no lack of reconnaissance in the Thai country. It had disclosed considerable hostile concentrations. The command inferred, however, that Viet Minh was preparing diversionary activities, and that the real blow would be struck elsewhere. M. Pleven suggested that the offensive against Nghia which led to the abandonment of many posts and a trying retreat to the Black River was not a diversion but in itself a major operation.

It has become a commonplace that in fighting a rebellion carried on by guerrilla methods intelligence is of immense importance. The enemy, especially in broken country largely covered with jungle, starts with great advantages, since even his presence in any particular district may be difficult to discover. Once, however, reliable information on this point has been obtained, it ought not to be difficult in a country holding multitudes of friends to acquire also information about his intentions. In fact, if the enemy should in such circumstances bring off a surprise, this should furnish *prima facie* evidence of some failure in the intelligence services. In this case there can be no doubt that the friends were there. By that I mean, not that great numbers of people have enthusiasm for a French cause as such, but that, with the prospect of independence in view, great numbers are prepared to side with the French in the fight against Communism. I repeat that when in a case like this a command is duped by the enemy, a careful investigation of how the failure came about ought to be undertaken.

In the discussion which followed the statement of the Minister of Defence, a Socialist member made an eloquent appeal, which was warmly cheered, for a wider understanding of the problem of France in Indo-China and more effective aid in the accomplishment of her mission. He protested that France was being left to bear the burden alone, and urged the Government to make it clear to her allies that she could no longer continue to do so. He left no doubt in the minds of his audience that in his view the United States should be called upon to intervene directly by sending her forces into the country. It is indeed true that the task undertaken by France is a very heavy one, and that it is not as well understood as it should be. Few will withhold sympathy from the French people and the French forces. The commitment in Indo-China has for years handicapped them in their effort to establish a sound defence in Europe. The drain upon regular officers and under-officers in particular has been heartbreaking. No easing is here in sight. It is not astonishing that gestures of exasperation should from time to time be seen in France.

At the same time, we must not lose our sense of proportion. The doctrine that the United States is a milch-cow which can never run dry is becoming widespread and is nowhere more strongly held than in France. A few Frenchmen in public life have, indeed, perfected the art of appearing to confer ever greater favours as they receive more and more. If France is carrying a heavy weight, that borne by the United States is enormous. This is true even if the

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE FALL OF NGHIA LO AND AFTER.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

war in Korea, where a dangerous state of affairs now exists, be considered alone. The Korean war, however, represents only part of the American burden. Some 20 per cent. of that of the whole European defence rests upon American shoulders. Now a number of French voices are demanding that as soon as the presidential election in the United States has taken place that country—and perhaps our own also—should be officially requested to send forces to Indo-China. Serious dangers can be seen in this policy. The worst is that which would arise from a further diversion of strength from Europe. The possibility also exists, however, that action on these lines would

the part of France to commit herself to any definite policy and in particular by stalling on the subject of German rearmament. A couple of years ago, when the United States was hesitating whether or not to commit herself seriously to the defence of Western Europe, there may have been some slight excuse for such an attitude. There is none to-day.

Dangers exist in the very acuteness and subtlety of the French intellect. It is conscious of the callow streak in the American mentality. Yet its mocking eyes fail to see a vigour and a generosity which are the marks of one of the greatest nations in the history of the world. If France were to be measured by the tired, clever, barren minds which mock the energy and crude faith of the United States, she would be a moribund people. I do not believe this to be the case. It seems rather that the French spirit is slowly recovering from the tragedy which so lately overwhelmed it and that the censorious, captious, disparagement which is so common in the mouths of French spokesmen is in great part inspired by the memory of the humiliation which the nation has undergone. It is possible to perceive in the attitude of the United States to France a chivalrous understanding of the mental and spiritual torture which has vexed her during the past decade. If I am not mistaken, the American nation has here exhibited a sympathetic comprehension of the French state of mind which proves it to be subtler and more spiritual than European observers commonly admit.

The entry into Indo-China of forces of nations other than France would be almost as heavy a blow to French prestige as complete defeat and expulsion from the country. France has still a great chance to set up a free and prosperous community, independent of herself but touched by her own civilisation and genius. While France strives to fulfil her high mission in Indo-China, the struggle remains above the welter of crude power politics. It must be doubted whether that would remain the case to the same degree if she were now to call in foreign forces to her aid. Such a course might indeed prove necessary were a complete collapse found to be impending, but no sign of a disaster of this kind is as yet visible. The material results of the campaigns fought by Marshal de Lattre have not been lost. The forces of France and Viet

Nam are more numerous, better armed and better organised than when he took over.

On the other hand, the strategic and moral significance of Indo-China is undoubtedly very high. The weight of the Communist offensive against the free world has clearly been to a considerable extent transferred from Europe to Asia. No one can estimate how long this shift of the pressure will last, but no one can doubt that it has occurred. France is acting within the bounds of reason and equity if she demands that her position should be accorded more serious consideration than has even yet been given to it and that her arms should be still further strengthened for the fulfilment of a task which she is undertaking by no means purely in her own interests but also for the common good. One favourable sign is to be seen in the comment in both Britain and the United States on the speech of M. Pleven and a later speech by the President of the French Republic. Genuine sympathy and comprehension have been expressed in public utterances by statesmen and journalists.

My view is that the use of forces other than French in the war in Indo-China is a measure which should be taken only in the last resort, but that by all possible means short of this France and Viet Nam should be strengthened. I do not know to what extent air power has been reinforced during the year 1952, but I well remember that in a conversation shortly before his death Marshal de Lattre spoke of a shortage of parachute troops and aircraft to carry them as one of his most serious deficiencies. He also said that the ratio of artillery to infantry was too small. I am, of course, aware that guns and shells do not constitute artillery. Skill and training are also required, and they have to be imported because they are not to be found upon the spot any more than the material.

Lack of material has, however, always been experienced in this war, and, though the United States has recently been supplying it on a large scale, not all the voids have yet been filled. The soldiers of France have shown in Indo-China their old energy and skill. They are untouched by the paralysis of will affecting some Frenchmen and Frenchwomen whose vocal power is in excess of their numbers. If their own country, with its other heavy burdens, can not afford them all that they need, they must nevertheless not go short.



THE LEADER OF A HEROIC WITHDRAWAL ACTION IN TONGKING: MAJOR BIGEARD DE TOUL (LEFT FOREGROUND), THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE FRENCH 6TH COLONIAL PARACHUTE BATTALION, WHICH WAS AWARDED A CITATION—PHOTOGRAPHED DURING THE LONG-DRAWN-OUT ENGAGEMENT BACK FROM NGHIA LO.



FRENCH COLONIAL PARACHUTE TROOPS UNPACKING AT A MOUNTAIN OUTPOST DURING THE ACTION IN WHICH THEY COVERED THE WITHDRAWAL FROM THE NGHIA LO DISTRICT.

In his article on this page Captain Falls refers to the capture of Nghia Lo by the forces of Viet Minh and the local collapse which followed it; and writes that though it may not stand for a grievous French set-back, "no reverse on such a scale had been suffered since the late Marshal de Lattre was entrusted with the country's destinies—and that is upwards of two years ago." A close French censorship of news has made the situation far from clear, but among the more definite news has been the report of the heroic withdrawal action of the French 6th Colonial Parachute Battalion, which received a citation at Saigon on October 28. Photographs of this action appear on this page and that facing it.

lead to an increase of Chinese intervention, backed by Russian arms.

It is almost impossible to believe that M. Pinay, who has shown himself a statesman as well as a patriot, is prepared to adopt the policy which has been outlined for him in some quarters in France. He is being urged to make ratification of the German treaty contingent upon the support of United States forces in Indo-China. This would be to assert that measures for the defence of Western Europe were designed primarily to oblige the United States—an argument put forward by the Communists but ridiculous in the mouths of anyone else. The most disquieting aspect of French public opinion is not the advocacy of Communism, which has in fact suffered a certain decline; but the view of decadent "neutralist" intellectuals that there is little to choose between Russian and American ambitions, and that there exists some way of escaping both by refusal on



(ABOVE.) THE BEGINNING OF AN ENGAGEMENT WHICH ENDED IN A HEROIC ODYSSEY: FRENCH PARACHUTE REINFORCEMENTS ORGANISING AGAINST ATTACK AT TU LE.



PARACHUTE TROOPS IN AN ENTRENCHED POSITION AT TU LE. LATER FIERCE VIET MINH ATTACKS WERE BEATEN OFF FROM THIS OUTPOST AND GIA HOI RELIEVED.

ON the opposite page Captain Falls reviews the general situation, military and political, in Indo-China, and refers especially to the French reverses in the Nghia Lo sector. This lies between the Red and Black Rivers, and the general direction of the Viet Minh forces has been westwards towards the Black River and Laos, after the fall of Nghia Lo on October 17. At the time of writing the French were reported to be mounting a major counter-attack west of Hanoi between the two rivers, and to have captured Hung-Hoa at the outset. Of the earlier actions the most remarkable was that of the French 6th Colonial Parachute Battalion, commanded by Major Bigeard de Toul, which earned a special citation. This unit was dropped from the air and covered and organised a retreat from the Nghia Lo sector with great gallantry through difficult country and under constant attack from more mobile enemy elements.



STRAGGLERS AND WOUNDED FROM THE NGHIA LO SECTOR ENTERING TU LE, WHERE THE COLUMN WAS ORGANISED AND BEGAN ITS LONG AND HEROIC WITHDRAWAL.



FORDING A RIVER EN ROUTE FOR THE BLACK RIVER: A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE COUNTRY OVER WHICH THE RETREAT WAS MADE UNDER CONSTANT ATTACK.



THE COLUMN, WHICH INCLUDED MANY WALKING WOUNDED AND MANY ON STRETCHERS, WAS ABOUT A MILE LONG, AND FOR MORE THAN TWO DAYS WAS UNDER CONSTANT ATTACK.

FRENCH AND VIETNAMESE PARACHUTE TROOPS IN A HEROIC WITHDRAWAL ACTION WHICH EARNED A SPECIAL CITATION.

A YEAR ON A CORAL ISLAND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

"THE HAPPY ISLAND" ; By BENGT DANIELSSON.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.



MR. BENGT DANIELSSON, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Bengt Danielsson, a Swede, was born in 1921. In 1946 he took part in an expedition to the Amazonas territory to study the Incan culture. In 1947 he went to Lima, where he met Thor Heyerdahl and became a member of the *Kon-Tiki* expedition. Subsequently he received a scholarship in Ethnology at the University of Seattle. In 1948 he went to Raroia, the visit described in this book. He has now returned to Hawaii to continue studying at the University of Honolulu; and is to join an American expedition to the Polynesian Islands.

publication of his original exciting narrative, has produced a vast and convincing work, of the kind which mostly appeals to scientific persons, in illustration of the theory which he believes himself to have proved true—as, indeed, do I, no specialist. But he wasn't the only enterprising man, or the only author, on that raft, which at sea-level encountered such strange monsters and fishes. A film of the raft's adventures is now showing in London; a second story about the *Kon-Tiki's* trip has been told in "Kon-Tiki and I," by Erik Hesselberg, navigator and guitar-player. And now one more member of the party, the only Swede, has written a book. His book is not about that dangerous drift with the sea-currents in the Pacific. It is about the atoll on which they were wrecked.

Readers of the original *Kon-Tiki* book—and almost everybody liable to read these lines must be numbered amongst them—will remember that after thousands of miles of voyaging across calm and stormy seas the adventurers found themselves violently cast upon a coral reef, swimming hopefully under water, reaching peaceful waters, and landing, exhausted, on a primitive South Sea Island, where for a fortnight they recovered their strength, eating well, and dancing hula-hula with the natural, unsophisticated native girls. Mr. Danielsson was an ethnologist, like Mr. Heyerdahl. But, when the trip was over, his impulse did not lead him to compile a large, learned treatise: it led him to return to the island on which the wreck occurred, to return with

THE expedition on the *Kon-Tiki* raft was organised by the doughty Thor Heyerdahl in order to prove an ethnological theory: namely, that the islands of Polynesia were colonised from Peru by people whose ancestors had ultimately come from Asia. Mr. Heyerdahl, since the pub-

lication of his original exciting narrative, has produced a vast and convincing work, of the kind which mostly appeals to scientific persons, in illustration of the theory which he believes himself to have proved true—as, indeed, do I, no specialist. But he wasn't the only enterprising man, or the only author, on that raft, which at sea-level encountered such strange monsters and fishes. A film of the raft's adventures is now showing in London; a second story about the *Kon-Tiki's* trip has been told in "Kon-Tiki and I," by Erik Hesselberg, navigator and guitar-player. And now one more member of the party, the only Swede, has written a book. His book is not about that dangerous drift with the sea-currents in the Pacific. It is about the atoll on which they were wrecked.

Mr. Danielsson pays tribute to the French for their efforts to protect the islands—though the missionaries naturally introduce frocks and trousers—against alien corruption. But he has no more hope than has ever been cherished by men who have gone to Polynesia and loved the people. The area is vast, even as

their present exploitation is not stopped. The simple, idyllic conditions of life will gradually disappear. Tahitians and advanced Tuamotuans will teach the new generation contempt for the old values, and with every old person who dies more and more of the Polynesian friendliness and magnanimity will be replaced by more modern and profitable virtues."

"The worst danger," he concludes, "however, is that of diseases; it is not impossible that these may mean the complete destruction of the inhabitants of Raroia, as in so many other places in the South Seas. Disquieting signs have begun to appear even during our stay; and time after time epidemics have raged and cost many lives. As there is universal ignorance of the most elementary precautions and methods of treatment, even a simple measles or influenza epidemic can be fatal. . . . If at some future time chance should enable us to return to Raroia, we shall never again find the same happy island."

He and his wife were lucky: they at least found it once. But they didn't find it as it was in the days of Herman Melville, whose "Typee" and "Omoo"

(dealing, I admit, with high volcanic, thickly wooded, rapid-watered islands, instead of low atolls, fringed merely with coconut palms) made me think at school that I should like to take refuge in the South Seas, as did Ganguin and R. L. Stevenson. Although the men went out on dangerous seas with their outriggers, and dived for pearl-mussels in places where giant mussels, in clefts of the rocks, might clutch their ankles and drown them, "civilisation" had already crept in. There is a photograph in this book of women and children going to church. The women, with high-heeled shoes, voluminous blouses and skirts, and clumsy straw hats, look like late Victorian charwomen; and there is an accompanist on a bicycle.

There are bicycles on the island now. The longest run they can have is 300 yards;

but you are better than your neighbours if you have a bicycle. We have introduced all kinds of diseases to the Polynesians; it seems awful that snobbery should be one of them; but perhaps it is endemic to all human societies.

There were moments when I was reading this book,



"LOOKING LIKE LATE-VICTORIAN CHARWOMEN": RAROIAN WOMEN AND A CHILD GOING TO CHURCH—ONE RIDING A BICYCLE. DIVINE SERVICE IS THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENT OF THE WEEK.



POLYNESIAN WOMEN LOVE TO ADORN THEMSELVES WITH FLOWERS.

Africa is vast: there were savage, cannibalistic regions, as there certainly were in West Africa, where any alteration made by the white man was an alteration for the better. But there were "Happy Islands," where there was no cannibalism; there were "Happy Islands" (and this applies to Raroia) where there was cannibalism, but its abolition wasn't difficult; and there are places which, after a slight modification of local customs, were better left alone. But they won't be left alone.

"No one," says Mr. Danielsson, "who wishes the best for the Raroians and Polynesians can help finding this policy of protection laudable and wise. But perhaps someone will ask: 'Will it do any good in the long run?'; and to this question—the last and the most important—the only possible answer must unfortunately be in the negative. Just how many years it will be before Raroia loses its exceptional character, despite all precautionary measures, it is of course hard to prophesy, but this at all events is true—that those who are

now children will have a more difficult, harder, rougher and sadder life than their parents. The influence of Tahiti is already great, and with improved communications, which have already been promised, will become even more noticeable. New but unwholesome food-stuffs will induce the Raroians to abandon the last of the old native dishes which still exist. More and more will be ruined by drink. The Chinese will gradually get them into their power altogether if



FISH ARE HARPOONED WITH ASTONISHING EASE AND RAPIDITY: A RAROIAN FISHERMAN WITH HIS QUARRY. ANOTHER KIND OF SPEAR-FISHING WHICH IS CARRIED ON ALONG THE REEF IS DONE WITH HUNTING-DOGS.

Illustrations from the book "The Happy Island," by Courtesy of the Publishers, George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.

his wife, and to live there for a year, as a denizen, not as a tourist.

Well, he grew his crops; he went out fishing; and, against ghastly superstitious opposition, he cured his patients. He realised, in the end, the gulf between himself and his parishioners. There were moments



FISHING IN THE OLD POLYNESIAN STYLE: A SHOAL IS SURROUNDED BY A HUGE GARLAND OF PALM-LEAVES.

when I thought that I would like to be "away from it all" and settle down amongst the Polynesians on whose reef the *Kon-Tiki* crashed! But I have thought better of it. Mr. Danielsson states that when the inhabitants of his Happy Island have a celebration they begin the party with a cocktail mixed of rum, methylated spirit and hair-oil. Much as I would like to fly from our present troubles, I don't think I could face that. The South Seas are not for me: I couldn't go the pace.

* "The Happy Island." By Bengt Danielsson. Translated from the Swedish by F. H. Lyon. Illustrated. (Allen and Unwin; 15s.)

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 782 of this issue.

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER'S ENGAGEMENTS: ITEMS FROM HER MAJESTY'S RECENT OFFICIAL PROGRAMME.

(LEFT.) A VISIT TO THE MOTOR SHOW AT EARL'S COURT ON OCT. 29: H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER, ACCOMPANIED BY H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, EXAMINING AN EXHIBIT.

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother has recently carried out a very large number of official engagements. Accompanied by H.R.H. Princess Margaret, on Oct. 29 she visited the Motor Show at Earl's Court. The Royal visitors arrived by 9.30 a.m., half an hour before the public were admitted, and spent some two hours examining the exhibits.

(RIGHT.) AT THE DICKENS MATINÉE IN AID OF THE DICKENS HOUSE ENDOWMENT FUND: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH MR. EMLYN WILLIAMS, WEARING HIS MAKE-UP.

On October 30 her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother honoured Mr. Emlyn Williams by attending the special matinée of "Readings from Dickens" at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, organised in aid of the Dickens House Endowment Fund. After the performance Mr. Emlyn Williams, who is shown wearing his make-up as Charles Dickens, was presented.



AT WELLINGTON COLLEGE, CROWTHORNE, BERKS: THE QUEEN MOTHER LEAVING THE CHAPEL AFTER THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW CHANCEL WINDOWS. On November 2 H.M. the Queen Mother attended a service in Wellington College Chapel, when the Archbishop of Canterbury dedicated the five new chancel windows to replace those destroyed by enemy action—one of the centenary celebrations of the College. Our photograph shows her Majesty, accompanied by the Master of Wellington, Mr. H. W. House, leaving the Chapel. Four of the windows, which are the work of Mr. Hugh Easton, were illustrated in our issue of November 1.



(LEFT.) AT BIGGIN HILL ON NOVEMBER 1: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER HEARING AN EXPLANATION OF THE CONTROLS OF A "METEOR" JET FIGHTER WHEN INSPECTING THE 600 (CITY OF LONDON) SQUADRON.

(RIGHT.) THE HON. AIR COMMODORE OF 600 (CITY OF LONDON) SQUADRON AND THE HON. AIR COMMODORE OF 615 (COUNTY OF SURREY) SQUADRON AT BIGGIN HILL: H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER AND MR. CHURCHILL.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is Hon. Air Commodore of 600 (City of London) Squadron, Royal Auxiliary Air Force. On November 1, accompanied by Mr. Churchill, Hon. Air Commodore 615 (County of Surrey) Squadron, Royal Auxiliary Air Force, her Majesty carried out an inspection at Biggin Hill, R.A.F. station, Kent. They arrived together from Chartwell. Owing to bad weather the march-past and fly-past had to be cancelled and the inspection took place in a hangar.





AS THE EVE OF THE U.S. PRESIDENTIAL POLL APPROACHED : CROWDS THRONING SEVENTH AVENUE ON OCTOBER 30, JUST BEFORE GENERAL EISENHOWER GAVE ONE OF HIS NEW YORK SPEECHES FROM THE PLATFORM (LEFT, IN FRONT OF THE CAFETERIA).

At the time of writing—the day before the U.S. Presidential Election—very few prophets were caring to risk an opinion as to who would win the Presidential election—the Democrat, Governor Stevenson, or the Republican, General Eisenhower. New York State, with its 47 electoral votes, was believed to hold the balance; and it was in New York itself that both candidates brought their campaigns to a climax. On October 29 Governor Stevenson had a great reception

in New York, speaking in the open air on Seventh Avenue in the garment-working district and at a huge evening rally at Madison Square Garden. On the following day General Eisenhower followed the same programme. On October 31 Governor Stevenson interrupted his speaking campaign in Maryland to fly to his home State of Illinois to help in quelling a gaol riot. On November 3, the day before the poll, General Eisenhower was to make his last major speech—at Boston; and

(Continued opposite.)



GOVERNOR STEVENSON COMES TO NEW YORK: THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE'S MOTOR CAVALCADE MAKING ITS WAY THROUGH THE DENSELY PACKED SEVENTH AVENUE ON OCTOBER 29 TO THE CORNER WHERE THE CANDIDATE ADDRESSED A HUGE CROWD.

Continued.

Governor Stevenson arranged to end his campaign from Chicago with a "fireside chat" on the radio. The campaign has been described as the most strenuous in history. General Eisenhower has visited 44 of the 48 States and travelled about 44,000 miles; whereas Governor Stevenson has visited 32 States and travelled about 32,000 miles. A most important feature of the campaign has been the use of television by both parties. On November 1 General Eisenhower was televised while

answering questions put by a number of former Democrats, including Mr. Lewis Douglas and Mr. Kenneth Royal, formerly Secretary of the Army. It has been especially useful to the Democrats for its power to make a comparatively unknown figure like Governor Stevenson known to and liked by a very large number of people; and whatever the result of the election, it will undoubtedly prove historically important as an example of a major new technique in electioneering.



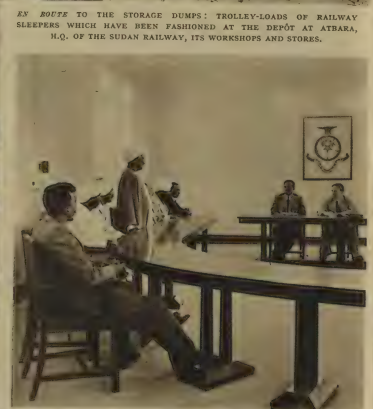
ON THE ROOFLESS PLATFORM WHICH FORMS HIS "BOX": A SIGNALMAN OF THE SUDAN RAILWAY ON DUTY—TAKEN FROM THE KHARTOUM-ATBARA EXPRESS.



EN ROUTE TO THE STORAGE DUMPS: TROLLEY-LOADS OF RAILWAY SLEEPERS WHICH HAVE BEEN FASHIONED AT THE DEPOT AT ATBARA, H.Q. OF THE SUDAN RAILWAY, ITS WORKSHOPS AND STORES.



STUDYING THE MYSTERIES OF SIGNALLING: A CLASS OF APPRENTICES. TEXT-BOOKS IN THE NATIVE TONGUE ARE SPECIALLY PRINTED FOR RAILWAY STUDENTS.



WITH MR. VIDLER, THE DISTRICT COMMISSIONER, PRESIDING, SEATED NEXT TO THE TOWN CLERK: A MEETING BETWEEN THE ATBARA TOWN COUNCIL AND RAILWAY UNION LEADERS.



SHOWING THE MODEL RAILWAY USED FOR DEMONSTRATION: APPRENTICES AT A LECTURE ON ASPECTS OF THE INTRICACIES OF OPERATING A RAILWAY.



TWO SUDANESE ENGINEERS AT WORK ON REPAIRS: THE BRITISH MANAGEMENT HAVE TRAINED A LARGE NUMBER OF SUDANESE AS TECHNICIANS AND OFFICIALS.

The future of the Anglo-Egyptian Condominium of the Sudan has been the chief obstacle to Anglo-Egyptian agreement. Egypt claims the territory and Britain desires that it should settle its own future. A solution to this deadlock may be found as a result of the agreement signed in Cairo between the Egyptian Government and Sudanese independence parties. The British Ambassador was received

by General Neguib on November 2, and they had a conversation lasting two-and-a-half hours. These photographs illustrate one aspect of the results of British guidance and control. The Sudan Railways system, which runs from Wadi Halfa, in the Northern Sudan, and from Port Sudan, on the east coast, to Atbara, where the railway headquarters, workshops and stores are situated, was founded by



SUDAN RAILWAY EXECUTIVES: MESSRS. H. CLOUGH (ASST. GEN. MANAGER), R. D. LOCKERBURN (TRAFFIC MANAGER), J. P. R. STEIN (CHIEF ENGINEER), C. T. BRIDGMAN (DEP. GEN. MANAGER), J. S. PETTICREW (FORMER DEP. GEN. MANAGER) AND R. J. HILLARD (GEN. MANAGER).



AT WORK ON LOCOMOTIVE REPAIRS: A TEAM OF SUDANESE WELDERS IN THE ATBARA DEPOT OF THE SUDAN RAILWAY'S WORKSHOPS.



EMANCIPATION OF WOMEN AS NOW ACCEPTED: SUDANESE GIRLS OPERATING ADDING MACHINES IN THE RAILWAY HEAD OFFICE.



WITH SKILLED AND SEMI-SKILLED SUDANESE CARPENTERS AT WORK: A VIEW OF THE CARPENTRY SHOP IN THE SUDAN RAILWAY'S WORKSHOPS.



A DEMONSTRATION OF THE MEANING OF LABELS AND CONSENTMENT SIGNS IN ENGLISH AND ARABIC: AN INSTRUCTOR AND A CLASS AT ATBARA TRAINING SCHOOL.



AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ANY PREJUDICE AGAINST WOMEN WORKING IN OFFICES: YOUNG SUDANESE GIRL TYPIST IN RAILWAY SERVICE.

the British. Though run by British key-men, a large number of Sudanese occupy posts as technicians and officials, many of them of a responsible nature. These natives have been trained in the Atbara staff schools for signalmen, mechanics and other trades and occupations. The former prejudice against women working in offices has been overcome and young Sudanese girls are employed as clerks and

typists. The Sudan Railway's history goes back to a project of the Khedive Ismail in 1870, but this had little result. The work began in connection with British military moves in the area, between 1880 and the reconquest of the Sudan at the end of the century. To-day there is a total track mileage of 2293 over a total route of 2016 miles.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: SOME OF THE PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



DR. OWEN H. WANSBROUGH-JONES.

To be the Ministry of Supply's Chief Scientist in succession to Sir Harry Garner, who is retiring early next year. Dr. Wansbrough-Jones, who is forty-seven, has been principal director of Scientific Research (Defence) in the Ministry of Supply since January, 1951. Previously he was Scientific Adviser to the Army Council. He is an expert on chemical warfare.



SIR FRANCIS J. WYLIE.

Died at Oxford, aged eighty-seven, on October 28. Sir Francis J. Wylie was Oxford Secretary to the Rhodes Trust from 1903 to 1931. The inception, in practice, of the Rhodes Scholarships in Oxford was mainly his task; and his wisdom in many unofficial ways was also responsible for making what was at first an experiment an integral part of the University.



THE OUTGOING AND-INCOMING PRESIDENTS OF CHILE MEET: (L. TO R.) EX-PRESIDENT VIDELA, PRESIDENT IBANEZ, MME. VIDELA AND MME. IBANEZ.

General Carlos Ibanez, who was chosen President of Chile for 1952 to 1958 in the elections of September 4, as an Independent Nationalist, assumed office on November 3. Our photograph shows the retiring President, President Videla, and Mme. Videla entertaining President Ibanez, then President-elect, and Mme. Ibanez at La Moneda, the Chilean Government House, during a traditional pre-inauguration visit. Fifty nations sent delegations to attend the inauguration of the new President.



MAJOR-GENERAL J. G. BRUCE.

Appointed Commandant of the Civil Defence Staff College, Sunningdale Park, in succession to Major-General J. S. Lethbridge. Major-General Bruce, who is fifty-five, was a member of the 1922 and 1924 Everest expeditions. He was Deputy Chief General Staff, Indian Army, 1944-46; G.O.C. Lahore District, 1946-47. He retired from the Army in 1948.



LIEUT.-GEN. SIR HAROLD BRIGGS.

Died suddenly in Cyprus on October 27, aged fifty-eight. Lieut.-General Briggs, originator of the Briggs Plan, was Director of Operations in Malaya from 1950 to 1951, a post he was called from retirement to undertake. Gazetted to the Indian Army in 1914, he served with distinction in both World Wars. He was G.O.C.-in-C. Burma from 1946 to 1948.



LEAVING FOR BUCKINGHAM PALACE IN ORDER TO PRESENT HIS CREDENTIALS TO THE QUEEN: THE NEW EGYPTIAN AMBASSADOR, DR. MAHMOUD FAWZI.

His Excellency Dr. Mahmoud Fawzi, the new Egyptian Ambassador, was received in audience by her Majesty on October 30, and presented his credentials. Our photograph shows him leaving the Egyptian Embassy, and about to enter the Royal carriage in which, according to custom, he drove to the Palace.



VISITING LYNMOUTH: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH STUDYING A VIEW OF THE SAME SCENE BEFORE THE FLOOD.

On October 29 the Duke of Edinburgh began a three-day tour of the West Country with a visit to Lynmouth, which was devastated by flood in August. Our photograph shows him, accompanied by Mrs. Slater, chairman of Lynmouth Urban District Council, inspecting the flood damage. The day after the Duke of Edinburgh's visit a landslide occurred on the lower Barbroke to Lynton road, beyond Lynmouth Hill in the direction of Lyn Bridge. Inspection showed that it was due to the undermining of the West Lyn river banks in August.



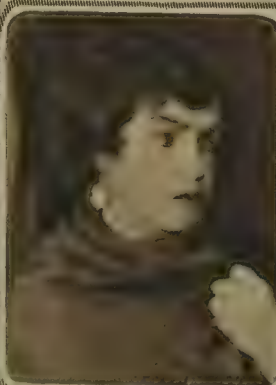
LEAVING FOR NEW ZEALAND: LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR WILLOUGHBY NORRIE, GOVERNOR-GENERAL DESIGNATE, WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

Our photograph shows Lieut.-General Sir Willoughby Norrie, Governor-General designate of New Zealand, leaving his London hotel on October 30 with his wife and two youngest children at the start of their journey. General Norrie is succeeding Lieut.-General Lord Freyberg, V.C.



DECORATED WITH THE ROSETTE OF AN OFFICER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR: MR. CHARLES CHAPLIN IN PARIS.

Mr. Charles Chaplin and his wife received a great welcome when they arrived in Paris on October 29. It was Mr. Chaplin's first visit for twenty-one years. Our photograph shows M. André Marie decorating Mr. Chaplin with the rosette of an officer of the Legion of Honour, to which rank he was promoted. Mr. Chaplin's wife can also be seen in the photograph.



MISS MAIRE O'NEILL.

Died on November 2, aged sixty-five. Miss Maire O'Neill was one of the original members of the Dublin Abbey Theatre. She made her London debut in 1907, in "The Playboy of the Western World." Her greatest successes were perhaps in Sean O'Casey's Irish plays, "Juno and the Paycock," "The Plough and the Stars" and "The Shadow of a Gunman." She is shown as Maisie Madigan in the first of these.



THE EGYPTIAN PREMIER CALLS ON KING FAISAL ON BOARD SHIP: GENERAL NEGUIB AND HIS MAJESTY.

King Faisal II. of Iraq arrived at Alexandria by sea on October 28 on his way home after his journey to America; and his visit to this country as guest of the British Government, during which he visited her Majesty at Balmoral; was received by Queen Mary in London; and carried out many other engagements. The Egyptian Premier, General Neguib, visited his Majesty on board the liner in which he was travelling.



HAPPY IN THE ACCLAMATIONS OF HER PEOPLE: OUR BEAUTIFUL YOUNG QUEEN ELIZABETH II. DRIVING TO HER PALACE OF WESTMINSTER TO OPEN PARLIAMENT FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. has never looked more gracious and beautiful than she did on the historic morning of Tuesday, November 4, when, for the first time in her reign, she drove in State to her Palace of Westminster to open Parliament. Her regal bearing and the magnificence of her gold lace dress, her diamond diadem and other jewels, were combined with a youthful spontaneity which

kindled all hearts. Her smiling acknowledgments of the tremendous cheers and acclamations which greeted her all along the route showed how much she appreciated these expressions of the heartfelt affection which she inspires in her people, and how happy she was to receive them. An impression by our special artist Bryan de Grineau of the actual ceremony appears on pages 766-767.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



TOWARDS the middle of October, the garden has become more and more like a sinking ship—which one can not leave. Not that I particularly want to. The gay, colourful summer voyage is over and the deck-chairs have been stacked. No more tea on the lawn, and no further need to seek shady places in which to sit out. The dahlias and other tender summer delights have either gone to ground or been removed. But, unlike a ship, the garden can not and will not sink entirely. It will remain, so to speak, on the rocks, more or less water-logged and awash for the next four or five months, waiting to float off for another spring and summer cruise.

This sinking ship idea recalls one of the late Edward Boulenger's best remarks. "Bulley," who created and for many years ran the Aquarium at the London Zoo, used to make periodical expeditions to Madeira, to bring strange and brilliant fish for the tropical aquarium tanks. On one such occasion we asked him in the club, why he always went by foreign liners. His reply was that he preferred the foreign food and that, in the event of shipwreck, there would be "no damn nonsense about women and children first." I had more than half-forgotten this joyous *mot* of "Bulley's" until I came across it a few weeks ago in that extremely entertaining book, "An Apple a Day," by Philip Gosse.

Although sinking steadily, remorselessly, into winter sleep, there is no lack of colour and interest in the garden. From where I work I look out to a standard tree of the Japanese Cherry, *Prunus yedoensis*. In spring its branches were snowed under with myriads of small white blossoms, and now it is aflame with liquid orange-red, which blazes magnificently in front of its carefully chosen background—an enormous evergreen oak. Near by is a spreading bush specimen of that finest of Japanese Cherries, "Tai-haku," whose leaves have changed to a rich tawny red-gold. The autumn splendour of the cherries is, unfortunately, a short death, but a merry one. Three young maples—*Acer griseum*—near the cherries, do better, holding their vivid red autumn leaves for a fortnight or more. The hardy Nerines have been particularly good this autumn. A colony of *Nerine bowdenii*, Fenwick's variety, growing in gravel at the foot of the west wall of my house, has been superb, and the heads of warm-pink, lily-like flowers have remained quite unharmed by several sharp frosts. Others, with their backs to a south wall, were not so fortunate. Many of their fully open flowers were ruined by frost, though heads of half-open blossom were quite unharmed and carried on and opened when a warmer spell arrived. As with fruit blossom, so with these Nerines. It is early morning sun striking hoar-frosted blossoms that does the damage. They are best and safest under a west wall, so that hoar-frost may melt before the sunshine reaches them. But the greatest autumn glory of my garden has been a bed of the hybrid *bowdenii*, *Nerine* "Hera." This faces full south. Planted two years ago, there must be well over a thousand bulbs, large and small, and between them they have produced more than two hundred of the immense flower-heads on long, stout stems. In stature and size of flower-heads they suggest *Agapanthus umbellatus*, of a strong, warm, cherry red. All this stock of "Hera" has come from a single bulb, which was given to me twenty-odd years ago, and I have grown it entirely in the open air, without protection, first in my garden at Stevenage, and for the last five years here in the Cotswolds.

MID-OCTOBER.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

I emphasize this because so many gardeners still cling to the delusion that *Nerine bowdenii* and its hybrid offspring "Hera" and "Aurora" are not, and could not be, hardy. Even the sheets of glass that one so often sees placed over them in winter are quite unnecessary. I notice, by the by, that the new R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening" says: "In the open the bulbs should be planted about 9 ins. deep." This, in my experience at any rate, is wrong. I always plant both *bowdenii* and its hybrids "Hera" and "Aurora" with the upper third or quarter of the bulb above ground-level, and that is how I have seen innumerable clumps of them growing in widely

separated parts of the country. Planted thus, a colony when well established will eventually work its way upwards so that the crowded bulbs are pushing one another further and further to the surface, and even wholly above surface, with only their roots anchoring them together. This seems to be the nature of the Nerines, and it is thus that they flower more and more freely; so why bury them 9 ins. deep?

On the second of the two *Nerine* pages of the "Dictionary" (page 1386), I find myself depressed by one of the crudest illustrations in all this great work—and that, alas! is saying a lot. It is of *Nertera*

grandiensis (Syn. *N. depressa*), and looks as though some child, neither talented nor painstaking, had drawn it with a post-office pen in post-office ink. The more I use the "Dictionary" the more strongly I feel that far too great a proportion of the illustrations—especially those of Cacti and Succulents—are crude and wholly unworthy. A really terrible example is that of *Saxifraga lingulata*, which is utterly unlike that noble and graceful plant, and so is misleading and unhelpful. I regret seeming to carp. But to outrage beautiful plants, together with the simple elements of draughtsmanship, is surely a grievous pity.

Once upon a time—a rather long time—I crossed pollen of *Amaryllis belladonna* on to *Nerine bowdenii* and, rather to my surprise, got good seed. Later, when this bigeneric hybrid flowered, I was a little disappointed to find that not only were the blossoms very near those of the seed parent, *bowdenii*, but that the cross had already been successfully made. I forget what name was given to it. This hybrid has been flowering here during October, both an open-air clump under the west wall of the house, and a very congested pot-full in the cold greenhouse. I have been able to compare the latter with a pot specimen of the Fenwick variety of *bowdenii* flowering beside it. Although superficially alike, there are definite differences. The petals of the hybrid are wider than in *bowdenii*, less wavy-edged, and less violently reflexed. The colour of the hybrid is a rather deeper pink. But above all, the flowers of the hybrid last a good fortnight longer than those of *bowdenii*, which is a very great advantage. This is probably due to its being a sterile hybrid. The flowers do not exhaust themselves by producing seed—or even attempting to do so. On the other hand, the hybrid has hitherto flowered much less freely than the parent. But this may have been due to bad cultivation and partial neglect.

Three plants in my garden have been in flower continuously from June until mid-October. A shrubby *Potentilla*, *P. fruticosa arbuscula*, has never stopped producing its large, clear, soft yellow flowers, and the *Dianthus cæsius* hybrid "Janet Walker" has been busy with its brilliant, fragrant, deep-pink pinks without a break. But that strange, tender plant *Beloperone guttata* has surely beaten all records for non-stop industry. In early June I plunged a specimen in a 5-in. pot in a sunny bed in the open. It has carried a crop of flowers like large, curved hop-flowers in tawny copper from then on, until, fearing frost, I brought it early in October to a window-sill in the house, where it looks rather better than it did in June. In fact, at the moment it looks as though it well might carry on its astonishing display until Christmas. The amazing thing is that they have been the same flowers all the time, or, rather, hop-like cones of bracts. The actual flowers are insignificant and white, and are continually peeping from under the bracts like a rather tiresome and untidy showing of white panties.



"IN SPRING ITS BRANCHES WERE SNOWED UNDER WITH MYRIADS OF SMALL WHITE BLOSSOMS AND NOW IT IS AFLAME WITH LIQUID ORANGE-RED, WHICH BLAZES MAGNIFICENTLY . . .": A YOUNG TREE OF *Prunus yedoensis*, THE TOKYO CHERRY, IN SPRING.

This cherry, which was introduced into this country, via Germany, in 1910, is planted abundantly near Tokyo and Yokohama, but has not been found wild. Some authorities believe it to be a hybrid between *P. lannesiana* and *P. subhirtella*, which, if true, might explain the differing forms in which it appears.



A MAPLE WHICH HOLDS ITS "VIVID RED AUTUMN LEAVES FOR A FORTNIGHT OR MORE": LEAVES AND FRUIT OF *Acer griseum*. The most striking of the trifoliate maples, *Acer griseum*, a native of Central China, is not only outstanding for the autumn colour of its leaves, but also on account of its bark, which peels in large flakes, revealing orange-coloured young bark beneath.

Photographs by R. A. Malby and Co.



ADVANCING THROUGH THE ROYAL GALLERY OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS INTO THE PARLIAMENT CHAMBER: H.M. THE QUEEN, WEARING QUEEN VICTORIA'S PARLIAMENTARY ROBE, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT HER SIDE. THE SWORD OF STATE IS CARRIED BEFORE HER MAJESTY BY FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALEXANDER. THE IMPERIAL STATE CROWN WAS BORNE BY LORD SALISBURY, AND, AT THIS STAGE, THE CAP OF MAINTENANCE WAS ALSO BORNE BEFORE THE QUEEN.

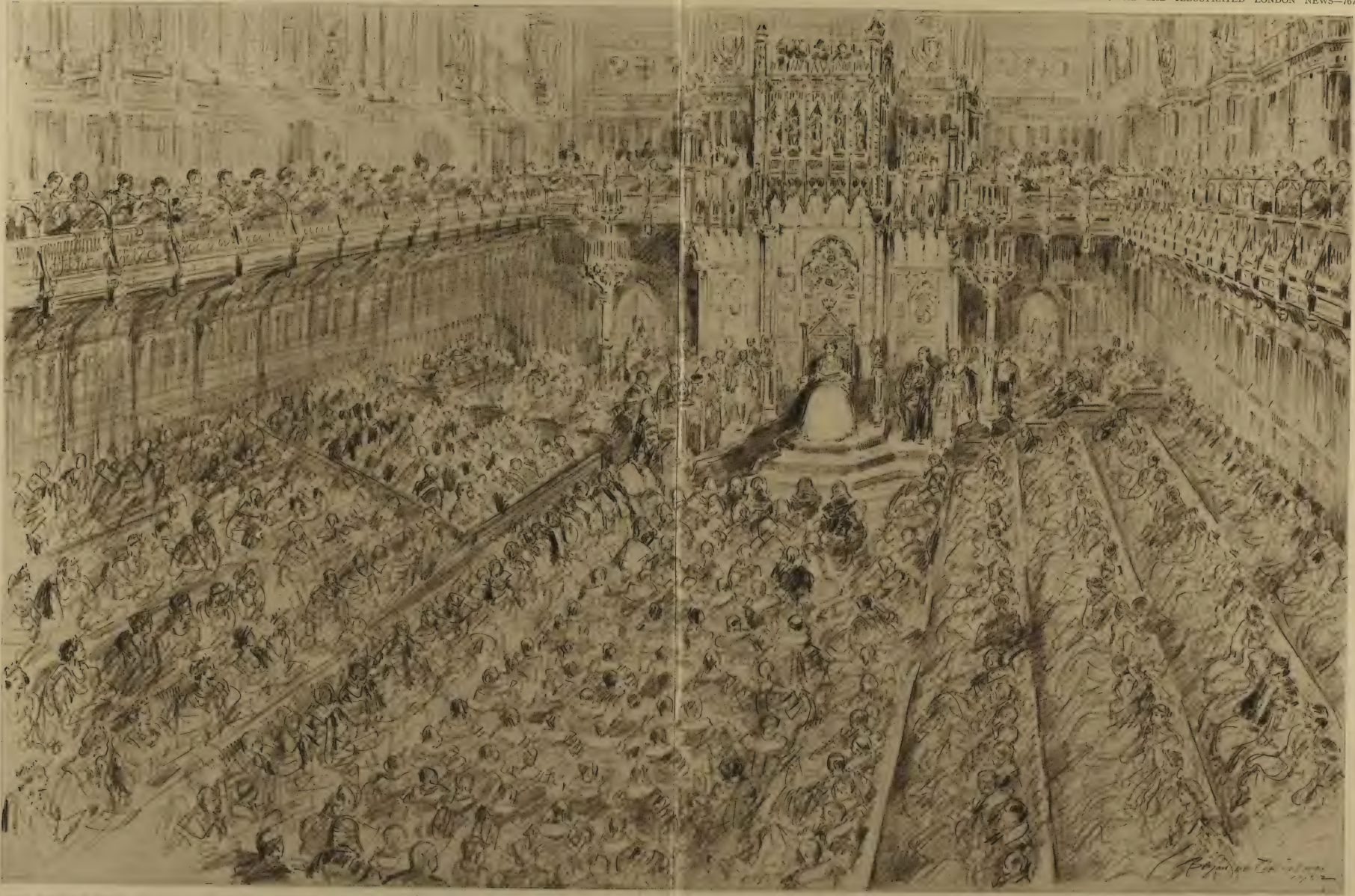


PASSING THROUGH CROWDED PARLIAMENT SQUARE ON HER WAY TO OPEN PARLIAMENT ON NOVEMBER 4: H.M. THE QUEEN, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, IN THE IRISH STATE COACH, DRAWN BY FOUR WINDSOR GREYS. CHEERING CROWDS LINED THE ROUTE FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: HER MAJESTY EN ROUTE TO WESTMINSTER; AND IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

For the first time since 1938 the fullest traditional pageantry and splendour attended the State Opening of the new session of Parliament by the Queen. Many thousands of people lined the route of the procession to cheer her Majesty, who was opening Parliament for the first time in her reign. The Royal

procession left Buckingham Palace for the Palace of Westminster at 10.35 a.m., headed by two divisions of a Sovereign's Escort of Household Cavalry. The route was lined by troops of the Household Brigade. At the House of Lords the Guard of Honour was mounted by the 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards.



"MY FATHER SET AN EXAMPLE WHICH IT WILL BE MY CONSTANT ENDEAVOUR TO FOLLOW": OUR ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE SCENE AT QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FIRST STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

On November 4 Queen Elizabeth II. opened her first Parliament—almost exactly 115 years after Queen Victoria opened her first Parliament—and read her speech in the House of Lords to the assembled Houses of Parliament and a distinguished and crowded gathering of Princesses, Ambassadors and their ladies, the great officers of State and many peers. Our artist's impression shows the historic scene as it appeared from the Strangers' Gallery. The Queen is reading from her

Speech, which had been handed to her by the Lord Chancellor, and is seated on the Throne, with the scepter of the Parliament Robe (which Queen Victoria had worn) falling in a brilliant splash of colour over the red carpet with its repeated devices of leopards and Tudor roses. Seated on her left, a step lower than the throne, is the Duke of Edinburgh in naval uniform; and near him stands Field Marshal Lord Alexander with the Sword of State. On the Queen's right hand

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Bryan de C. 1952. Lord Swinton, bearing the Cap of Maintenance, and Lord Salisbury, carrying the Imperial State Crown. Before the Queen sit the Judges, and behind them are the peers, while in the side-benches sit more peers and bishops, Princesses and Ambassadors and peeresses. Beyond the Bar of the House (out of sight from this viewpoint) are the faithful Commons. Probably the most poignant part of the Queen's speech, which she read in clear, composed and perfectly audible tones,

was the beginning, in which she spoke of the late King, who "by his selfless devotion to his duties as your sovereign . . . set an example which it will be my constant endeavour to follow. I am well assured that my peoples everywhere will accord me that same loyalty and understanding which ever supported him in the service of his peoples." And she referred to the pleasure with which she looked forward to visiting Australia, New Zealand and Ceylon.

AFTER THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.



ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF A LARGE CROWD FROM A BALCONY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH WITH THE HEIR APPARENT, THE DUKE OF CORNWALL, AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH PRINCESS ANNE.



RETURNING TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT BY H.M. THE QUEEN: THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES PRINCESS MARGARET AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL IN THEIR CARRIAGE.

Their Royal Highnesses Princess Margaret and the Princess Royal drove together to the House of Lords to witness the first State opening of Parliament by her Majesty the Queen. During the ceremony they were seated in the second tier of seats on the right of the Judges' benches, facing the Throne, and it was noticed how nobly like her mother, Queen Mary, the Princess Royal is. After the ceremony the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh returned to Buckingham Palace,



IN THE THRONE ROOM AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II., WEARING HER PARLIAMENTARY ROBE, WITH H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

where a cheering crowd of 20,000 acclaimed their youthful Sovereign as she stepped out on to a balcony with the Duke by her side. For a few minutes they stood there acknowledging the cheers and then they brought out their children, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, who were held up in turn by the Duke of Edinburgh so that they might wave to the crowd. As the Royal family left the balcony the Duke of Cornwall ran back for a last wave to the delighted crowd.

A CAMERA RECORD OF EVENTS IN GERMANY, PERSIA, LONDON, AND THE U.S.



AT THE REUNION OF OLD MEMBERS OF THE WAFFEN S.S. AT VERDEN: FORMER GENERAL BERNHARD RAMCKE (LEFT) WITH FORMER GENERAL HERBERT GILLE. Nearly 5000 former members of the Waffen S.S. held a reunion at Verden, in Lower Saxony, on October 26, for the first time since the war. Herr Ramcke, the former general of parachute troops, and a guest at the gathering, made a slanderous attack on the Western Allies.



PERSIA SEVERS RELATIONS WITH BRITAIN: MR. MIDDLETON (RIGHT), THE BRITISH CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES, RECEIVING THE NOTE CONVEYING THE PERSIAN DECISION. At 2.30 p.m. on October 22, Mr. Middleton, British Chargé d'Affaires in Teheran, called on Mr. Afshar, head of the British section of the Persian Foreign Ministry, to receive a Note conveying the Persian decision to sever diplomatic relations with Britain. Mr. Middleton left Teheran on November 1.



EMPHASISING A POINT DURING HIS MARATHON SPEECH TO THE U.N. POLITICAL COMMITTEE IN NEW YORK: MR. VYSHINSKY (RIGHT), THE RUSSIAN FOREIGN MINISTER. On October 29 Mr. Vyshinsky, the Russian Foreign Minister, made a three-and-a-half-hour speech to the United Nations political committee in reply to that made the previous week by Mr. Acheson, in which the U.S. Secretary of State had posed questions about the Soviet attitude to the Korean War.



AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ST. GEORGE: THE PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY, FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY, WITH MRS. ANTHONY EDEN. The Royal Society of St. George, which was founded in 1894, held its annual dinner at the Savoy Hotel, London, on October 27. The Society, which has branches all over the world, aims to preserve and promote the English way of life and help the youth of the country.



A NEW LIVERY COMPANY. THE LORD MAYOR, SIR LESLIE BOYCE, PRESENTING LETTERS PATENT TO THE MASTER OF THE FARMERS' COMPANY, LORD COURTHOPE. On October 31 a special Court of Aldermen was held at the Mansion House to present a grant of Livery to the Farmers' Company. The guild was formed in 1947 and petitioned for a livery in February, 1951. The Lord Mayor presented letters patent under the mayoralty seal, according to ancient custom.

MILITARY AND POLICE ACTION IN KENYA: DEALING WITH THE MAU MAU.



COMBING THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR MEMBERS OF MAU MAU: MEN OF THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS, WITH A KENYA POLICE CONSTABLE EQUIPPED WITH A SHIELD.



MILITARY MEASURES IN KENYA: MEN OF THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS, THE NORTHERN FRONTIER DEFENCE FORCE, THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES AND THE KENYA POLICE.



FROM THE CANAL ZONE TO KENYA: THE 1ST BATTALION THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS MARCHING THROUGH NAIROBI IN AN IMPRESSIVE DISPLAY OF STRENGTH SHORTLY AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL.



ACCUSED OF MURDERING SENIOR CHIEF WARUHUI: THREE AFRICANS SUSPECTED OF BEING MAU MAU MEMBERS IN A POLICE TRUCK AFTER APPEARING IN COURT.

The menace of the Mau Mau secret society, which has claimed both European and African victims in recent weeks, is being met by a strengthening of the forces of law and order in Kenya. Since the 1st Battalion The Lancashire Fusiliers arrived in the Colony from the Suez Canal Zone they have taken part in operations in Kikuyu country with men of the Northern Frontier Defence Force, the King's African Rifles and the Kenya Police. The Kenya Regiment, a force



SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN: A LANCASHIRE FUSILIER WITH A MEMBER OF THE NORTHERN FRONTIER DEFENCE FORCE DURING OPERATIONS AGAINST THE MAU MAU.

of volunteers, has also been active in patrolling the countryside. On November 1 police and five companies of troops made a raid in the Bahati Forest area of the Rift Valley Province at dawn and rounded up 700 Africans for interrogation, while men of the Lancashire Fusiliers surrounded a village six miles from Nyeri and detained 31 Kikuyu. Arrests have been made in connection with the murder of Senior Chief Waruhui and of Mr. E. J. Bowyer.

POLICE ACTION IN KENYA, AND THE COLONIAL SECRETARY'S VISIT.



WATCHING THEIR CATTLE BEING DRIVEN OFF BY POLICE AND AWAITING ARREST AS MAU MAU SUSPECTS: SULLEN AND RESENTFUL KIKUYU TRIBESMEN OF THE MIRITHU SECTION.



MARCHED OFF FOLLOWING THE DISAPPEARANCE OF A LOYAL HEADMAN NOW BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN MURDERED BY MAU MAU MEMBERS: SUSPECTS UNDER ARREST.



ROUNDING-UP CATTLE BELONGING TO MAU MAU SUSPECTS: KENYA POLICE, AIDED BY LOYAL TRIBESMEN, IMPOUNDING THE KIKUYU'S MOST VALUABLE POSSESSION.

Under Section 7 of the Special Districts Order, the District Commissioner is empowered to order, where members of the tribe have acted in a hostile manner towards their chiefs, firstly, the arrest of all the suspected leaders and participants in the hostile act; secondly, the seizure of all livestock belonging to them; and thirdly, the detention in safe custody of any person or stock arrested or seized. Some time ago a loyal headman in the Mirithu section of the



GREETED BY AN AIRPORT OFFICIAL IN NAIROBI: MR. OLIVER LYTTELTON, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES, WITH THE GOVERNOR, SIR EVELYN BARING (CENTRE).



THE KIKUYU TRIBE'S ONLY SURVIVING SENIOR CHIEF, TWO HAVING BEEN MURDERED BY THE MAU MAU: SENIOR CHIEF NJIRI, 87 YEARS OLD, WITH MR. LYTTELTON.

Kikuyu Reserve disappeared and it is now believed he was murdered by the Mau Mau. Recently a police raid in the section surprised a Mau Mau meeting, and as a result the suspected participants were arrested and their cattle were impounded. This action had a marked effect on the onlookers, for the Kikuyu prizes his cattle highly. Mr. Lyttelton, Secretary of State for the Colonies, who arrived in Nairobi on October 29, has had conversations with loyal Kikuyu chiefs.

CLOSING EVENTS OF THE DUCHESS OF KENT'S GREAT TOUR, AND OTHER NEWS PICTURES OF COMMONWEALTH INTEREST.



THE DUCHESS OF KENT AT A DINNER GIVEN IN HER HONOUR BY THE CHINESE COMMUNITY IN HONG KONG: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, SEATED BETWEEN MR. T. N. CHAU (RIGHT) AND SIR MAN KAN-LO (LEFT), IS USING CHOPSTICKS WITH SKILL.



WITH TERENCE EDMETT, THE SCHOOLBOY WHOSE COOLNESS SAVED THE LIVES OF HIS PARENTS LAST JULY WHEN THEIR CAR WAS AMBUSHED: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.



LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE TSANYUK MATERNITY HOSPITAL AT HONG KONG: THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

Before the Duchess of Kent and her son left Singapore on October 27 for Hong Kong, her Royal Highness asked that the schoolboy Terence Edmett should be presented to her. It will be remembered that last July he was at the wheel of his father's armoured car when it ran into an ambush, and that by his coolness and skill he drove it to safety. On arrival at Hong Kong the Royal



AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HONG KONG: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT WITH SIR SHOUSON CHOW (LEFT) AND SIR ROBERT HO TUNG, TWO OF THE MOST RESPECTED AND BEST-KNOWN CHINESE INHABITANTS OF HONG KONG.

visitors were met by the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, and Lady Grantham, and by Lieut.-General Sir Terence Airey, commander of British Forces in Hong Kong; and Lady Airey. A heavy programme of official and social engagements was carried out during the Duchess's stay of five days. These included a dinner given by the Chinese Community in Hong Kong.



THE DUCHESS OF KENT ARRIVING AT HONG KONG: SHE IS SEEN WITH LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR TERENCE AIREY, COMMANDER, BRITISH FORCES, HONG KONG.



RECONSTRUCTED BY AN EXPERT AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM (NATURAL HISTORY): A DODO EXPORTED TO MAURITIUS. The Dodo, a native of Mauritius, was exterminated c. 1681. But the Museum at Mauritius is now to have a scientifically exact reconstruction of a Dodo. It has been made by Mr. E. G. Hayward of the British Museum (Natural History), literally feather by feather.



PRESENTED TO MALAYA: A PIECE OF STONE FROM THE FABRIC OF THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER. A piece of stone from the fabric of the Palace of Westminster has been presented by her Majesty's Government to Malaya to be incorporated in the Legislative Council Building of Kuala Lumpur. The Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies accepted it on behalf of the Federation from the Minister of Works.



ACQUIRED BY THE GOVERNMENT OF NEW ZEALAND: A TELESCOPE REPUTED TO HAVE BEEN USED BY CAPTAIN COOK. The Government of New Zealand have acquired a telescope reputed to have been used by Captain Cook during his voyage to Tahiti in 1769. It was handed over to the High Commissioner on November 3 by its former owner, Miss Edythe Kinch.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE WORLD—WHISKY, AVIATION, SPORT AND CINEMA.



POURING WHISKY INTO A TROUGH—TO RUN INTO THE BOTTLING DEPARTMENT OF A NEWLY-BUILT SCOTCH WHISKY-BLENDING AND BOTTLING WAREHOUSE AT SOUTH QUEENSFERRY.

On October 24 Lord Rosebery formally opened at South Queensferry, near Edinburgh, a new whisky-blending and bottling warehouse capable of holding nearly a million gallons of whisky. This building, which has been designed by the Distillers' Co. Ltd., replaces one which was destroyed by fire in April 1949.



AT THE NEW SOUTH QUEENSFERRY WHISKY STORE: LORD ROSEBERY (CENTRE) AND PROVOST J. A. LAWSON (RIGHT) EXAMINING A NEW WHISKY-BOTTLING PLANT.

and it is a five-storey brick-and-ferro-concrete building. Eighty per cent. of the output is destined for export, and when the premises are in full operation about 250 persons will be employed there. The new building commands a fine view of the Forth Bridge.



A "SHOOTING STAR" WITH A SALVO OF ROCKETS: A FIRE-POWER DEMONSTRATION BY A U.S. LOCKHEED F-94 STARFIRE, BUILT TO CARRY TWENTY-FOUR 2'75-IN. ROCKETS. The Lockheed Shooting Star fighter was the first U.S.A.F. jet-propelled combat aircraft. Though still in service, it is no longer in production. The F-94 Starfire is a specialised version armed with twenty-four rockets and flying almost automatically in pursuit.



A NEW STADIUM FOR ROME WHICH ECHOES THE IMPERIAL COLOSSEUM OF VESPASIAN, TITUS AND DOMITIAN: LOOKING DOWN FROM THE TREE-CLAD HILLS INTO A NEW SPORTS STADIUM NOW IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION. WHEN COMPLETED, IT IS EXPECTED TO SEAT A TOTAL OF ABOUT 100,000 SPECTATORS.



"THE RUNAWAY TRAIN WENT DOWN THE STREET . . .": A SURPRISING INCIDENT AT WOODSTOCK, WHEN A TANK ENGINE, DISCREETLY MOUNTED ON PNEUMATIC WHEELS, HURTLIED THROUGH THE TOWN AND SMASHED A HOARDING—IN THE INTERESTS OF A FILM COMPANY AND BEFORE THE CAMERAS.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE SPREAD OF THE FULMAR.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

NINETEEN years ago, a young man set out on a long trek to seek the solution to a problem. His journeyings took him over nearly a quarter of a million miles, by sea, air and land, but mainly by sea. He visited almost every part of the extensive coastline of the British Isles, as well as its many adjacent islands. Further afield he went, to Rockall, St. Kilda, the Orkneys, Shetlands, Faeroes, Iceland, Spitzbergen. Wherever he went, he gathered information, at first-, or second-, hand, from books printed in many tongues, from scientific papers, and from daily papers. No crumb of information was too small to be examined, masticated and digested. He enlisted a team of 500 helpers, sifted and collated their reports, setting down all they had to tell in his voluminous notebooks. And always, wherever he went, whether in a private yacht or a *Sunderland* flying-boat, or in any less magnificent form of transport, he had a sea-bird slung round his neck. This was a fulmar, a close relative of the one slung from the neck of his more illustrious and more legendary predecessor, for petrels, albatrosses and shearwaters are grouped in the order Procellariiformes. And even when James Fisher, for that was the young man, protests his loudest that the books are wrong in calling it a fulmar petrel, the fact remains that he cannot disown for it a relationship with the other ocean-going birds with tubular nostrils whose final means of defence is to vomit the evil contents of the stomach at an enemy. Certainly it is no gull, although it has borne the name of fulmar, or foul-gull, for the last thousand years, and although it may resemble one superficially. Indeed, if all we read of it is true, no matter by what alternative name it is known, it will smell no more sweet.

At all events, Fisher, with the fulmar round his neck, and the Ancient Mariner with his albatross appear to have had one other thing in common, an obsession. The character of his book ("The Fulmar"; New Naturalist Monographs. Collins; 35s.) suggests that James Fisher set out to solve a problem, which must have looked simple enough at the start, and ended up by being obsessed by the bird itself. This

emphasise their close relationship, the two sub-species together with the species are included in a single super-species. While the Antarctic species and the Pacific sub-species are mentioned, however, the main



SHOWING THE EAST CLIFFS (TO 345 FT.) OF THE SITE OF THE OLDEST KNOWN FULMAR COLONY IN THE WORLD: A VIEW OF GRIMSEY ISLAND, ICELAND, WHICH WAS DESCRIBED IN A MANUSCRIPT WRITTEN C. 1640 BY THE HISTORIAN JON GUOMUNDSSON, AND IS NOW ICELAND'S ONLY BREEDING-PLACE FOR THE LITTLE AUK.

Photograph by R. L. Baxter.

interest and, indeed, the reason for Fisher's researches, lie in the spectacular spread of the Atlantic sub-species. In the last 200 years it has spread from Iceland to the Faeroes, then southwards to the British Isles, which it has now almost completely ringed with its colonies. In the speed of its spread and in the build-up of populations, the fulmar rivals the black rat and the brown rat, the European starling, the grey squirrel and the rabbit (in Australia), to mention some outstanding examples. But whereas in these instances we can only speculate, on insufficient data, as to the causes and the progress achieved, Mr. Fisher has given us as fully documented an account as it is possible for any one investigator to produce on a single species of animal.

Although the author has not solved the problem, he has been able to present a thesis for our consideration. The fulmar is primarily a plankton feeder.

That is, it takes from the water the small animals floating at or near the surface. In other words, it takes the same food as the large whalebone whales which formerly inhabited the North Atlantic and Arctic in large numbers. The fulmar is, however, also a carrion feeder. With the rise of the whaling industry in the northern regions, the bird seems to have taken more and more to feeding on whale offal and

carrion. As the industry declined, off-shore trawling for fish kept up an even more regular supply of food. This led to an increased survival of young birds, and it is they that have pioneered the spread, seeking out and establishing new colonies. The spread seems to have no relation to the fact that whereas formerly the St. Kildans killed the birds for food, they now no longer do so. Even more remarkable is the fact that this Arctic sub-species has spread southwards during a time when climatic conditions were becoming perceptibly more temperate. The answer seems to be closely and completely linked with food.

Another problem, which equally awaits a solution, concerns the colour phases of the fulmar. There are dark individuals and light individuals. This is not unusual, "but it appears to be unique in having the colour-gradient run in quite different ways in its two sub-species. In the Atlantic the percentage of dark forms increases with high latitude, particularly in the High Arctic, whereas in the Pacific the situation is, broadly speaking, reversed."

James Fisher is so completely the leading authority on this one species of ocean-going bird that anything he writes on it starts with the advantage of being fully authentic. If he has failed to find solutions to his main or its subsidiary problems, he has succeeded in recording a mass of detailed evidence for others to examine and perhaps reach the correct solution. His 500 pages, including eight appendices and two indices, the whole illustrated with five colour-plates, 78 black-and-white photographs, and 70 maps, diagrams and line-drawings, are filled with information. Some chapters are over-stiff with statistical and other data, others are more readable, especially those dealing with breeding habits, enemies and food.

I was sufficiently unkind in my opening paragraphs to compare James Fisher with the Ancient Mariner. It would have been as easy, and in some ways as correct, to make the comparison with the search for the Golden Fleece or the Holy Grail, or any other of the crusading ventures. My choice was made deliberately. It is not very surprising that someone who has lived for so long with a highly-specialised piece of research should have his judgment a little blunted in expounding its results. He should, however, have followed the advice about pruning apple-trees when it came to editing the manuscript. He should have invited his worst enemy to do it. Thus would possibly have been eliminated at least two of the faults in the book. The first is the quite unnecessary repetition of the word "fulmar" throughout the text. The second fault, which almost certainly explains the first, is a desire to be so emphatic and precise that nothing is



"VISITING" DISPLAY: A TRIO OF FULMARS ON A NORFOLK CLIFF-TOP CACKLING TO EACH OTHER IN MUTUAL DISPLAY, NO DOUBT STIMULATED BY THE WIND-HOVERING BIRD ABOVE. JUDGING BY THE SIZE OF THEIR HEADS AND THE EXTENT TO WHICH THEY INFLATE THEIR THROAT-POUCHES, THE TWO RIGHT-HAND BIRDS ARE PROBABLY MALES.

Photograph by R. B. Bagnall-Oakeley.

much is clear enough, without the author's corroborative confession to it in his opening words. However, in fairness to the author, let us examine his problem and see how far he took it towards a solution.

The fulmar embraces two sub-species, one in the North Pacific and the other in the North Atlantic, extending in both instances into the Arctic, together with a closely-related species in the Antarctic. To



THE DARKEST FORM OF THE PACIFIC FULMAR IN WHICH THE HEAD, BODY AND WINGS ARE ALL ALMOST UNIFORMLY DARK BLUE-GRAY: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT CHAGULAK, ALEUTIAN ISLAND, WHERE THE MAJORITY OF BREEDING FULMARS ARE DARK.

Photograph by J. Malcolm Greany, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

Illustrations reproduced from "The Fulmar," by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Wm. Collins.

left to the reader's imagination. A third fault is that the text tends to fall between being a scientific monograph and a popular exposition. For one thing, attention to these three points would have reduced its length, with advantage. On the other hand, as a monument to eighteen years of devoted application (the author himself prefers the word "obsession") to a scientific investigation this book can earn nothing but praise.

THE HORNBILL IN "FROZEN" FLIGHT.



THE INDIAN HORNBILL'S FLIGHT CAUGHT IN THE HIGH-SPEED CAMERA: PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN A MANCHESTER ZOO SHOWING (TOP TO BOTTOM) JUST AFTER TAKING OFF; IN FULL FLIGHT; AND IMMEDIATELY AFTER TAKING OFF.

These photographs of *Honk*, a Great Indian hornbill, which recently arrived at Belle Vue Zoo, Manchester, were photographed with exposures of 1-10,000th of a second and are especially interesting as showing momentary details of flight mechanism which the unaided eye cannot hope to detect with certainty.

THE LONDON-BRIGHTON VETERAN CAR RUN.

Thousands of motoring enthusiasts thronged the route on a wet, drizzling day on November 2 to watch the R.A.C. Veteran Car Run from London to Brighton. Of the original field of 163, there were only 11 non-starters, and of the 152 starters, 143 had reached Brighton when the time limit expired at 4 p.m. The cars started in order of age at intervals from 8.30 a.m., and the first car to reach Brighton was Mr. G. A. Upton's 1902 Lanchester. The majority of the entries reported trouble-free runs, but there were some drivers who had to tackle major repair jobs *en route*.



STARTING ON THE VETERAN CAR RUN: MR. J. M. EDWARDS' SOAME STEAM CAR (1900) AGAINST A NOT-INAPPROPRIATE BACKGROUND—THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL.



A RACING DRIVER OF TO-DAY IN A RACING CAR OF YESTERDAY: MR. STIRLING MOSS AS A PASSENGER IN MR. S. F. BENNETT'S FAMOUS OLD 1903 CADILLAC.



A PICTURE THAT BRINGS BACK THE TENSION, DRAMA AND SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE OF EARLY MOTORING: MR. V. BALL'S 1903 5-H.P. OLDSMOBILE RACING THROUGH CRAWLEY.

UNUSUAL ITEMS IN THE NEWS: A MISCELLANY FROM NEAR AND FAR IN PICTURES.



NOT SIAMESE TWINS, BUT SISTER-SHIPS: THE 45,000-TON BATTLESHIPS *MISSOURI* (LEFT) AND *IOWA* RIDING FROM A BUOY IN A FAR EASTERN PORT. The United States battleships *Missouri* and *Iowa*, two of the world's most powerful warships, are together again in a fighting zone for the first time since World War II. They are seen in our photograph in a Far Eastern port from which they sail to bombard Communist coastal installations in Korea.



ON VIEW IN THE MAIN HALL OF AUSTRALIA HOUSE IN LONDON: SCULPTURE IN WIRE OF A HORSEMAN AND HIS DOG BY MISS WENDY SOLLING. Miss Wendy Solling, who is seen in our photograph, has left her wire sculpture of a horseman with his dog in the care of Sir Thomas White, the High Commissioner, while she visits Australia. Sir Thomas has placed the sculpture on view to the public in the main hall of Australia House.



ARRIVING FOR THE MOTHERCRAFT EXHIBITION AT CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER: THREE SETS OF "QUADS"—(FROM L. TO R.) THE GOOD "QUADS" FROM BRISTOL WITH THEIR MOTHER; THE TAYLOR "QUADS" OF EDMONTON, LONDON, WITH THEIR PARENTS; AND THE COLES "QUADS" OF PIMLICO, LONDON, WITH MR. AND MRS. COLES.



HIGH AND DRY AFTER LONG SERVICE AFLOAT: THE *DELTA KING*, A STERN-WHEEL PADDLE-BOAT, NOW BEING USED TO HOUSE CONSTRUCTION EMPLOYEES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. The *Delta King*, an old-fashioned stern-wheel paddle-boat, that plied between Sacramento and San Francisco, has been brought out of retirement and sailed to the Alcan construction project at Kitimat, British Columbia, to serve as living quarters for sixty of the employees working on the scheme. The old steamer was beached in the river and earth was then placed round her so that she now sits high and dry.



AN ADDITION TO "MADURODAM," A MINIATURE CITY IN THE HAGUE: THE MODEL OF THE PEACE PALACE AT THE HAGUE PRESENTED BY THE U.S. MUTUAL SECURITY AGENCY. This model of the Peace Palace at The Hague was presented to the organisers of "Madurodam"—a miniature city at The Hague—by the Mutual Security Agency, U.S.A., to commemorate the mutual efforts of the Dutch and American peoples towards reconstruction under the Marshall Plan, 1948-52. The miniature city is exhibited for the benefit of the Netherlands Students' Sanatorium in Laren.

**BOWES MUSEUM PICTURES ON VIEW IN LONDON:
A LOAN EXHIBITION FROM BARNARD CASTLE.**



"DUTCH MEN-OF-WAR AT ANCHOR, WITH ADMIRAL RUYTER GOING ABOARD"; BY SIMON DE Vlieger (1601-1653). FORMERLY ATTRIBUTED TO W. VAN DE VELDE. CANVAS. (40½ by 49 ins.)



"THE WATERMILL"; BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER (1703-1770). THIS ATTRACTIVE LANDSCAPE BY THE CELEBRATED FRENCH COURT PAINTER IS, IN COMMON WITH THE OTHER WORKS REPRODUCED ON THIS PAGE, ON VIEW AT AGNEW'S. CANVAS. (36 by 47 ins.)



"SAINT PETER OF ALCANTARA"; BY F. J. RIZI (1595-1675). ONE OF THE SPANISH PAINTINGS FROM THE CONDE DE QUINTO'S COLLECTION. CANVAS. (43½ by 35½ ins.)



"THE TRANSLATION OF SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI"; BY F. ZURBARAN (1598-1662). THIS PAINTING WAS EXHIBITED AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES IN 1913. CANVAS. (40 by 32 ins.)



"THE PAINTER'S BROTHER"; BY F. J. GOYA Y LUCIENTES (1746-1828). THE SPANISH PAINTINGS WERE ACQUIRED BY JOHN BOWES IN 1862. CANVAS. (17½ by 15 ins.)



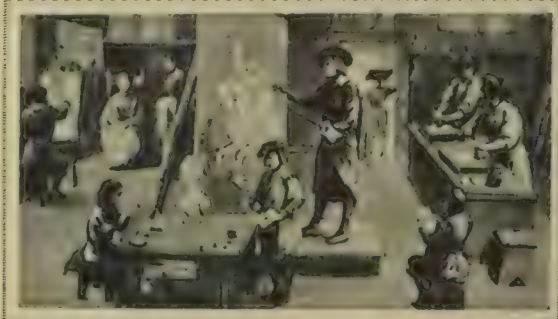
"INTERIOR OF A RUINED VENETIAN CHURCH"; BY HUBERT ROBERT (1733-1808). TWO OTHER PAINTINGS BY HUBERT ROBERT ARE ON VIEW. CANVAS. (44 by 51 ins.)



"A MIRACLE OF THE HOLY SACRAMENT"; BY STEFANO DI GIOVANNI SASSETTA (1392-1450). PART OF A PREDELLA TO A POLYPTYCH FOR A SIENESE CHAPEL. PANEL. (10½ by 16 ins.)

The current Loan Exhibition of Pictures from the Bowes Museum, Barnard Castle, at Agnew's offers Londoners the opportunity of becoming acquainted with an interesting collection which probably few of them have ever seen. The Museum, which receives no State support, was built and its contents (1000 paintings, ceramics, textiles, MSS. and furniture of all periods from c. 1500) were provided by the generosity of John Bowes (1811-85) and his wife, Josephine, Countess of Montalbo (1830-74). The exhibition of selected paintings is being held in aid of the "Friends of the Bowes Museum," founded in 1949 to supplement the John Bowes endowment which, under modern conditions, is not sufficient for

the upkeep of the Museum; and Messrs. Agnew have borne the full cost of arranging it; so that the "Friends" will receive the fullest financial help. Several of the most important paintings, particularly works of the early Netherlandish school, were acquired by John Bowes as early as 1840. The group of Spanish paintings were purchased in Paris in 1862 from the widow of the Conde de Quinto. Mrs. Bowes had originally intended to build a museum in her native France, but unsettled conditions there made her and her husband decide to erect one at Barnard Castle, near the ancestral home of the Bowes family. This great mansion is situated in Teesdale not far from Darlington.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. FAITH AND SUBTLETY.

By FRANK DAVIS.*

and the recent publication of his experiences during the war, when there was a pressing danger that the Germans would carry him off and his friends hid him in a cellar, gives the same impression of his personality as can be derived from this book—that of a scholar, far above the clash of arms or of ideologies or of national ambitions, contemplating the antics of men with serene confidence not untouched by contempt. Nevertheless, the warmth, the broad sweep, remain. Thus: "If we stop to consider the nature and origin

TO live to become old and honoured and to find that the essays you wrote fifty years and more ago have become classics falls to the lot of few men. It has happened to Bernard Berenson. Four slim books, published separately between the years 1894 and 1907, are now available in a single volume, "The Italian Painters of the Renaissance," with the addition of 400 illustrations "as a tribute to the author and in appreciation of more than a quarter-century of friendship and co-operation in the field of Renaissance painting between Bernard Berenson and Samuel H. Kress."

Of all critics, Berenson is the most detached and fastidious, yet his learning, which is exact and formidable, is infused with warmth. "If we do not succeed in loving what through the ages has been loved, it is useless to lie ourselves into believing that we do. A good rough test is whether we feel that it is reconciling us with life." This is a revealing sentence taken from the introduction written in January of this year, and it provides the key to his life's work. These words are no less revealing: "I am not an assiduous reader of my own writings. Decades have passed without my perusing the text of *The Italian Painters of the Renaissance* from cover to cover. In glancing through its pages now, I have tried to approach it as I would any other book that treated the same subject. On the whole, it still seems to fulfil its purpose." It does indeed, and I imagine that not even the youngest among us will fail to discern in that admirable understatement something of the wise and luminous spirit which gives his beautifully written pages their peculiar quality; even his prejudices are engaging, not least among them his obvious disdain for anyone who happens to be less intelligent and less sensitive to visual beauty—a certain kind of visual beauty—than himself. Re-reading these essays, it is not difficult to imagine the impression they must have made upon the cultivated world of the beginning of the century, for here was no earnest John Ruskin, fired with moral fervour, eloquently preaching the beauty of holiness, but a cool, analytical mind from across the Atlantic, nurtured in the tradition of



"LADY WITH LAPDOG"; BY JACOPO DA PONTORMO (1494-1556).
Staedel Institute, Frankfurt.

What Pontormo "could do as a portrait painter we see in his wonderfully decorative panel of Cosimo dei Medici at San Marco or in his portrait of 'A Lady with a Dog' (at Frankfurt), perhaps the first portrait ever painted in which the sitter's social position was insisted upon as much as the personal character."

of prettiness, we shall soon understand why it is a source at once of inferiority and of popularity in art. Prettiness is all that remains of beauty when the permanent causes of the sensation are removed. Beauty is the quality we ascribe to things visible, when we realise that they are life-enhancing. . . . Prettiness . . . is at the same time popular, because it is intelligible, even to the point of flattery." And again, speaking of Botticelli: "Long after we have exhausted both the intensest sympathies and the most violent antipathies with which the representative elements in his pictures may have inspired us, we are only on the verge of fully appreciating his real genius. This in its happiest moments is an unparalleled power of perfectly combining values of touch with the values of movement. Look, for instance, at Botticelli's 'Venus Rising from the Sea.' Throughout, the tactile imagination is roused to a keen activity, by itself almost as life-heightening as music. But the power of music is even surpassed where, as in the goddess's mane-like tresses of hair fluttering to the wind, not in disorderly rout but in masses yielding only after resistance, the movement is directly life-communicating." Fine writing is, I suppose, a rare old-fashioned, partly no doubt because it is so rare a gift nowadays, and perhaps the modern reader is liable to shy away from these lilting sentences even though they contain so much wisdom; but there are notable epigrams, too, pithy and shrewd. "And thus great art would be defined not as the blind imitation of nature, but as the reproduction of the visual images haunting great minds." Tacitus himself, had he written in English, could not have been more concise.

It is no mere chance that this profound and highly civilised book is recognised as by far the best introduction to the study of Italian painting, and the present edition, with its numerous illustrations, gives it even greater value. It will, I suppose, fail to satisfy some readers—it contains no tittle-tattle about artists, no meaningless anecdotes, no criticisms of great men based, not on their paintings, but on the assumptions of popular psycho-analysis, no obscurantist jargon—as I said, it is highly civilised. Nor does Mr. Berenson confine his comments wholly to his chosen field—or, rather, his admiration for the great Italians is equalled

by his admiration for Degas, for Cézanne, for Velasquez—and here is an odd thing—he frequently refers to the last-named, never, I think, to El Greco. Is that because when the original essays were written El Greco was scarcely known, or is it because that strange and haunting genius is antipathetic to him? Nor, it would seem, does he really love the painters of the Netherlands, with the exception of Van Eyck.

The book consists of four separate essays—Venice, Florence, Central Italy, and North Italy—and a final chapter entitled "The Decline of Art"; this last, though short, is by far the most difficult to follow. "Art form is like a rolling platform, which immensely facilitates advance in its own direction, while practically prohibiting progress in any other course. During the archaic stage of art, as I have defined it earlier in this book, no artist of talent can stray far, for archaic art is manifestly inspired by the purpose of realising form and movement . . . while in an art that has reached its culmination and become classic . . . certain elements invariably come to the surface which, besides appealing to the heart of the crowd and glorifying its impulses, procure it one of its darling joys, the utmost emotion at the least outlay of rational feeling. But classic art, producing these things adventitiously and never aiming for them, speaks too softly to the emotions, is too reticent in expression and too severe in beauty to satisfy the masses"—and so downhill, for "art will only return with form and movement . . . without them it is mere pattern. No amount of rearrangement will infuse life . . . the only hope of resurrection lies in the disappearance of that facility which is in essence an enslaving habit of visualising conventionally. . . . This has not yet taken place in Italy, and consequently although in the last three-and-a-half centuries [she] has brought forth thousands of clever and even delightful painters, she has failed to produce a single great artist." The argument is of course elaborated far more than this, but the gist of it is there—and, frankly, some of us will dare to doubt whether the question is really suited to such lucid simplification, for we think the fire of



"PUTTO"; BY MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI, CALLED MICHELANGELO (1475-1564). [Sistine Chapel, Rome.]

"Nowhere outside of the best Greek art shall we find, as in Michelangelo's works, forms whose tactile values so increase our sense of capacity, whose movements are so directly communicated and inspiring."

humanism, weighing and probing and discarding and then bringing to the task of criticism profound learning and a most acute sensibility. The long years since that time have merely served to increase an already established reputation.

Berenson has always been a somewhat remote, even a legendary figure, except to a few intimates,

* On this page Frank Davis reviews "The Italian Painters of the Renaissance." By Bernard Berenson. With 400 illustrations. (The Phaidon Press; 30s. net.)



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY"; BY NEROCCHIO DE' LANDI (1447-c. 1500).
National Gallery of Art, Washington; Widener Collection.

"As for Neroccio, he was Simone come to life again. Simone's singing line, Simone's endlessly refined feeling for beauty . . ."

Illustrations from "The Italian Painters of the Renaissance," the book reviewed on this page; by courtesy of the publishers, The Phaidon Press.

genius, or the lack of it, is not to be confined, or explained, in this way, which seems to us mechanistic—human folly, and human greatness (each of them infinite) surely derive from more profound and more mysterious depths.

But what a monument of learning and faith is this book! For learning, read it—for the faith which inspired it, I quote the final sentence of the preface:

"Without art, visual, verbal and musical, our world would have remained a jungle."

LONDON'S FIRST GÉRICAULT EXHIBITION FOR 132 YEARS: A SELECTION OF WORKS ON VIEW.



"TIGER LYING AT THE EDGE OF A STREAM." AFTER A PAINTING OR AQUATINT BY THE ENGLISH ANIMAL PAINTER STUBBS (1724-1806). OIL ON CANVAS. (21½ by 28½ ins.)



"TRUMPETER OF THE POLISH LANCERS ON A PRANCING WHITE HORSE." OIL ON CANVAS. (16 by 12½ ins.)
(Lent by the Trustees of the Burrell Collection, Glasgow Art Gallery.)



"GENERAL OF THE FIRST EMPIRE GIVING HIS CAVALRY ORDERS TO CHARGE." ONE OF GÉRICAULT'S MOST IMPORTANT WATER-COLOURS. (21 by 17½ ins.)



"THE TAKING OF TROY BY THE GREEKS." AN IMPORTANT EARLY WORK DATING FROM C. 1810. OIL ON CARTON WITH YELLOW BORDER. (21 by 28½ ins.) (Lent by M. Jacques Lipchitz.)



(LEFT.) "CART FILLED WITH WOUNDED SOLDIERS." GÉRICAULT MUST HAVE SEEN MANY SUCH PITIFUL SCENES ON THE ROADS OF FRANCE DURING THE CAMPAIGN OF 1814. OIL ON CANVAS. (12½ by 11½ ins.)
(Lent by Mr. John Hugh Smith.)



"HEAD AND SHOULDERS OF TWO MEN WEARING TURBANS." OIL ON CANVAS. (25 by 31½ ins.)

THÉODORE GÉRICAULT (1791-1824) exercised a great influence on nineteenth-century French painting, and his death at the age of thirty-three may well have altered the course of art history. No exhibition devoted to his work has been held in London for 132 years, so the current loan display at the Marlborough Fine Art Ltd., in Old Bond Street, which opened on October 23 and will continue until November 22, is of very great interest. The previous Géricault exhibition was held in 1820 at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. He organised it himself and charged 1s. admission, with one of his lithographs (now worth c. £100) thrown in. The current exhibition (admission 2s.) is being held in aid of the Tate Gallery's Rodin Group Appeal, to enable "Le Baiser" to be acquired. The works in this display illustrate every facet of Géricault's art.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

WITHOUT MEETING BYRON.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THE late Edith Olivier chose for her abundant book of reminiscences the title "Without Knowing Mr. Walkley." "Without Meeting Byron" may seem to be equally cryptic as the title of this week's article; but the poet has been in my mind ever since I heard, in the reopened Embassy Theatre, the portrait-play called "Caro William" in which he does not appear.

The play, by William Douglas Home, is about Lady Caroline Lamb, the alarming young woman whose affair with Byron has been a historical scandal-piece. The title, "Caro William," here stands for both Caroline herself, the wife of William Lamb, who was so-called to distinguish her from her sister-in-law, another Caroline ("Caro George"), and also for her husband, "dear William," who one day would be Lord Melbourne and Queen Victoria's Prime Minister. It is a curious title but, I think, a good one: it does stir speculation.

Although Caro cannot help being at the centre of the stage—she was in life, so she must be in the play, even if she remains an intractable, theatrical figure—it is her husband that holds us: the grave, much-tried William, who has to put up through the years with his

On the whole, I am glad that Mr. Home resisted temptation. Byronics in the theatre are uncommonly dangerous. In "Caro" he would have overbalanced the piece. Although I relish a portrait-play, some figures should remain known to us, I think, only through their work: Byron for me is one of those figures.

Besides Mr. Harris as William Lamb, there is a sharply-judged study of Emily (Lady Cowper), William's sister, by Pamela Alan. She can get us to taste and feel her words: she speaks with a sting. Daphne Arthur, a good actress, has some trouble now in getting Caroline over. She does not seem to have persuaded herself fully—and she does not persuade us—that the woman is more than a posturing shadow. Caroline's life was a play, but she was not meant to sustain one in the theatre. At the Embassy "Caro William" has the benefit of John Wyse's production and of two settings by Stephen Doncaster that (the Brocket scene especially) are beautiful examples of period décor.

We do not meet Byron at the Lyric, Hammersmith, where the play is "The Square Ring," by Ralph W. Peterson. Why should we? I can explain only that the piece is about professional boxing, and that when anyone mentions the Ring in the theatre, I turn first of all to Shaw's "The Admirable Bashville" and to Cashel Byron's famous speech:

Dread monarch: this is called the upper cut,
And this a hook-hit of mine own invention.
The hollow region where I plant this blow
Is called the mark. . . .

It might almost be a parody of Cyrano de Bergerac, at work with rapier and ballade in the Hôtel de Bourgogne.

Certainly none of Mr. Peterson's boxers would venture into blank verse. They are all down-to-sawdust types. We see none of them in the ring; but we manage, thanks to the dressing-room chatter in this third-rate stadium in the Midlands, to take part in six Wednesday-night fights: to see, for example, how Sailor Johnston, a welterweight, wins with a knockout, but ends his career; how a young middleweight comes into the professional "game" for the first time and learns something of the shadier side (it will be his last fight); and how a "light-heavy" called Docker Starkie tries to return to the ring with the fight that is also his last. I would say, too, that the unpleasantly sarcastic middleweight called Rick Martell, who disobeys the instructions of his gang-leader, is also making a farewell to the ring: it will be some time before he can recover from his punitive razor-slashing.

In fact, on this night of farewells, only two boxers sail

through happily: a juvenile giant who spends his spare minutes with a long-outmoded Sheik novel; and a young featherweight who is fully resolved to punch a way to the championship and to retirement. We doubt whether he will; but that, luckily, perhaps, is another story. The present story is less of a play



"HERE WE ARE AGAIN WITH THE POISONED BON-BON, THE INFERNAL MACHINES, AND THE POISONED TEA": "LORD ARTHUR SAVILE'S CRIME" (ARTS THEATRE CLUB), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY IN WHICH SYBIL MERTON (CHRISTINE FINN) OPENS THE BOX CONTAINING THE POISONED BON-BON TO THE CONSTERNATION OF LORD ARTHUR SAVILE (DAVID MARKHAM; LEFT) AND LORD SURBITON (ROBERT ANDREWS). LADY CONISTON (ADRIANNE ALLEN; RIGHT) LOOKS ON.

than a boxing "document" by a dramatist concerned more with ringcraft than stagecraft: it has the interest of any glance at an unfamiliar world. True, it is not a pleasant world: some of us are glad to let it dissolve as we leave the theatre and the blood and dust of the dressing-rooms. (Probably, if the play is filmed, we shall have the fights themselves, and the affair will become both newsreel and "documentary.") The acting of an all-male cast at Hammersmith is thoroughly staunch, particularly that of Bill Owen as the cheerful featherweight and Liam Redmond as the dressing-room attendant. Duncan Lamont has to sit about too long—his fight is last on the bill—but he does it with a sombre command. There is no one in the



A PLAY "WHICH HAS QUALITY WITHOUT BEING THE LAST WORD ON THE SUBJECT": "CARO WILLIAM" (EMBASSY)—A SCENE FROM WILLIAM DOUGLAS HOME'S PORTRAIT-PLAY, SHOWING (L. TO R.) WILLIAM LAMB (ROBERT HARRIS), CAROLINE LAMB (DAPHNE ARTHUR) AND LADY COWPER (PAMELA ALAN). LADY COWPER IS TELLING CAROLINE LAMB THAT HER HUSBAND, WILLIAM LAMB, IS GOING TO LEAVE HER.

wife's wild vagaries, and who comes to political power only when she is dead. Nobody, I fear, can say that Mr. Home's William Lamb is a good stage part. It is written honestly, but it stays in the background, hidden for most of the time by the tiresome glitter and caprice of Caro.

Still, at the end, William has his moment. Caroline is dying of dropsy at Melbourne House. She has on the bed a volume of Byron's poems, and she asks William to read to her. Opening the book at "Childe Harold," he reads the lines upon Venice that end with the words:

Perchance even dearer in her day of woe
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

I shall not forget Robert Harris's voice as he spoke the phrase. Maybe this contradicts my headline. There, for a moment at the première, we did meet Byron, and personally I would have asked for no other way.

Alas, "Caro William," which has opened a now delightfully renovated Embassy, will be remembered more for its "moments" than for its total effect. It begins in something of a muddle when Caro returns after the Heathcote House affair, the ball at which she had met Byron after a long interval and had tried to slash her wrists. On the stage, in Melbourne House and at Brocket, the drama never rises. Often it seems about to rise, but it never does. A scene here, a phrase there: excellent. But as a whole, "Caro William" (which derives from the Lord David Cecil biography of the young Melbourne) is not theatrically at ease. Would it have helped if Byron had looked into the first act? There is a cleavage of opinion.



"THE PRESENT STORY IS LESS OF A PLAY, THAN A BOXING 'DOCUMENT' BY A DRAMATIST CONCERNED MORE WITH RINGCRAFT THAN STAGECRAFT: IT HAS THE INTEREST OF ANY GLANCE AT AN UNFAMILIAR WORLD": "THE SQUARE RING" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH), SHOWING (L. TO R.) RICK MARTELL (JOHN COLICOS), ROWDIE RAWLINGS (BILL TRAVERS), DOCKER STARKIE (DUNCAN LAMONT), SAILOR JOHNSTON (GEORGE ROSE) AND FRANK FORD (JOHN MOFFATT). SAILOR JOHNSTON IS DESCRIBING THE FIGHT WHICH HE HAS UNEXPECTEDLY WON.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"CONDEMNED TO LIVE" (Irving).—A symbolic play by the Swedish dramatist, Stig Dagerman, that is better than its production allowed it to appear. (October 13.)
"WONDERFUL TIME" (Palladium).—A bouncing two hours of revue-cum-variety, with Joy Nichols, the Bernard Brothers (singing to records), and the likeable Max Bygraves. (October 21.)
"THE SQUARE RING" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Most of the punches in Ralph W. Peterson's play are off-stage. It is a theatrical treatise on professional boxing, as seen from the dressing-room; Bill Owen, Liam Redmond and Duncan Lamont serve their informative author well. (October 21.)
"CARO WILLIAM" (Embassy).—The young Melbourne and his tempest of a wife reach the stage in William Douglas Home's portrait-play, which has quality without being the last word on the subject. (October 22.)
"LORD ARTHUR SAVILE'S CRIME" (Arts Theatre Club).—Here we are again with the poisoned bon-bon, the infernal machines, and the poisoned tea. The new version, by Basil Dawson and St. John Clowes, is the better of the two challengers. David Markham is genuinely Lord Arthur, not a farcical wraith; and no butler has adorned Belgrave Square (it was Grosvenor Square last time) so notably as Walter Hudd. (October 23.)
"A MASKED BALL" (Royal Opera House, Covent Garden).—Verdi's opera opens the new season. (October 23.)
"MAURICE CHEVALIER" (Hippodrome).—He is still singing "Paris, je t'aime" and "Valentine," and preserving much of his old charm, though the evening now appears to be rather long. (October 30.)

play, I fear, to match Cashel Byron (of the "quick divining eye, my lightning hand, my springing muscle, and untiring heart").

We went through a Court Theatre evening not long ago without meeting Oscar Wilde—this although the play was called "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime." Things are blither at the Arts, in another version (by Basil Dawson and St. John Clowes). Here Wilde is undoubtedly in the wings. The pastiche is often plausible, and the play is run together with some spirit and invention. It would be worth while for the sake of the helpful butler to whom Walter Hudd brings a kind of majestic creaminess, a bland mastery. I have not met Byron, but I have met Baker of Belgrave Square, and a light has shone upon the week.

A CHRISTMAS NUMBER AND A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

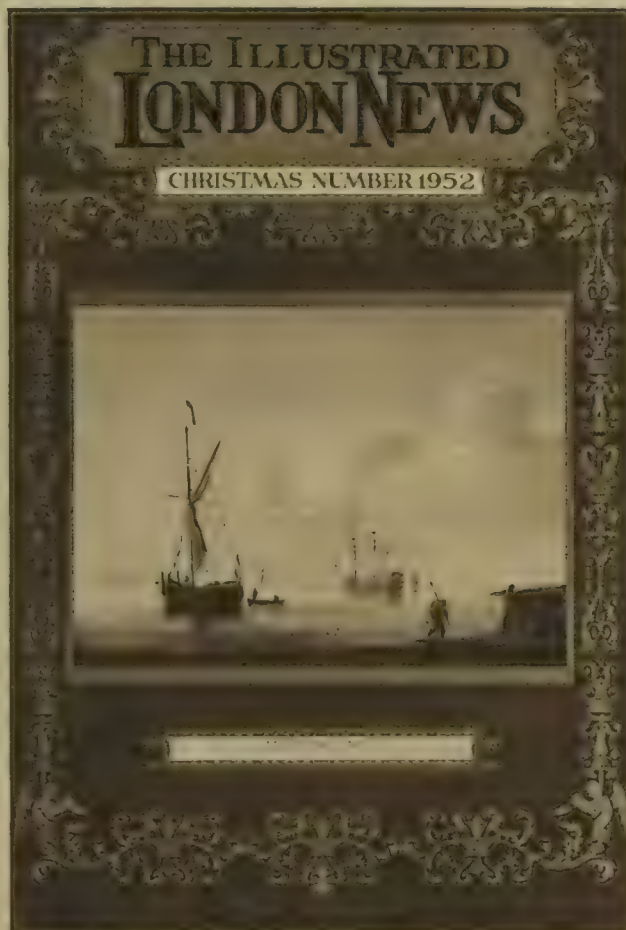
IT may seem strange to the uninitiated that the Christmas Number of "The Illustrated London News" should appear on the bookstalls six weeks before Christmas Day—that is, on November 13. But there are good reasons for this.

"The Illustrated London News" Christmas Number is not only produced for those who live in the United Kingdom, but also for those who dwell abroad. To reach the more distant countries before Christmas, it is obvious that supplies must be sent out many weeks in advance. This will account for the early date of publication.

In order that possible purchasers may place their orders in advance, it is probable that a résumé of the contents of the Number may help them to make up their minds.

In the first place, the familiar red-and-gold cover will, as usual, contain the reproduction of a work of art, the subject being changed every year. The picture selected this year is a delightful "Calm," by the Younger Van de Velde, the most famous of Dutch Sea Painters, the original of which will be included in the "Exhibition of Dutch Painting from 1450 to 1750"

[Continued below.]



THE COVER OF THE 1952 CHRISTMAS NUMBER, WHICH CONTAINS A COMPLETE NOVEL BY VICTOR CANNING AND 21 PAGES IN FULL COLOUR.

[Continued.]

Altogether, the Christmas Number is a very remarkable and attractive publication. It should make a most acceptable Christmas present at a price little higher than that of some Christmas-cards.

With regard to Christmas presents, it should be noted that no more acceptable gift than a year's subscription to the weekly issue, including the Christmas Number, can be made to friends or relatives, especially those who have made their home across the seas. The benefits the recipient will derive from this subscription are not always appreciated. Apart from the Christmas Number, which is full of colour pages, he will receive during the year 48 pages of colour, more than 2000 pages of monochrome, some 500,000 words of reading matter, and not less than 6250 illustrations. He will find that every event of world-wide interest is illustrated thoroughly, and written about in an interesting manner. Every week the issues will contain Arthur Bryant's comments on current topics, Sir John Squire's criticism of the Book of the Week, Clarence Elliott's article for Garden lovers, Cyril Falls's

[Continued below.]



"THE YOUNG ANGLER," BY HENRY WALTON, WHICH, WITH HOPPNER'S "YOUNG GIRL" (OPPOSITE), MAKES A DELIGHTFUL PAIR OF COLOUR PLATES.



"MARENGO," NAPOLEON'S BARB CHARGER WHICH HE RODE AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, PAINTED BY THE CONTEMPORARY ARTIST, JAMES WARD, R.A. (1769-1859). PUBLISHED IN COLOUR IN THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL," BY JOHN HOPPNER, R.A., ONE OF A PAIR OF COLOUR PLATES IN THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

[Continued.]

at Burlington House, which opens on November 22, 1952.

The twenty-one plates in full colour range from the Italian Renaissance to Victorian and present-day paintings and water-colours. We give on this page monochrome reproductions of some of these subjects, but there are many others of equal interest, such as a set of four groups of Shakespeare's flowers.

In addition, the Number contains a complete novel specially written by Victor Canning, whose exciting "Venetian Bird" was one of the most successful of recent works of fiction.

[Continued above, right.]



"COPENHAGEN," THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S CHARGER, RIDDEN BY HIM AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO; BY JAMES WARD, R.A. PUBLISHED IN COLOUR.

[Continued.]

discussion of Military and other topics, Frank Davis's chat for Collectors, Alan Dent's article on the Cinema or J. C. Trewin's on the Theatre, and Dr. Burton's "World of Science" article upon Natural History subjects. He will find guidance on what current fiction he should read and what other books he should choose for his recreation in the reviews by K. John and E. D. O'Brien respectively. There is no need to stress the fact that "The Illustrated London News" covers every archaeological discovery. Altogether a particularly attractive outlook for one who is the fortunate holder of a subscription for 1953.

NEXT year will be historic in that it will see the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II., and "The Illustrated London News" will be recording the event in two Double Numbers worthy of the beautifully produced records of the three previous Coronations. This suggests that the ideal gift for Christmas, particularly for friends overseas, would be a year's subscription to "The Illustrated London News."

Every week the current copy will arrive and provide an hour of enjoyment and interest and, with its appearance, will come a happy and agreeable remembrance of the

friend who has sent it. Orders for subscriptions for "The Illustrated London News" to be sent overseas may be handed to any good class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.) Friends at home will naturally be equally appreciative of such a gift, and in that case the year's subscription is £5 16s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.)

IN 1953—CORONATION YEAR—ALL POSTAL SUBSCRIBERS WILL RECEIVE THE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS AT NO EXTRA COST.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

WHEN is a novel not a novel? From time to time that question rears its head; but I am far from sure there is an answer, and, anyhow, what would it settle? Nothing of any moment, surely, in a given case. Plot is a more distinct idea, and one can say with fair conviction that "Museum Pieces," by William Plomer (Cape; 12s. 6d.), has, on the whole, dispensed with it. Indeed, Jane Valance, the "dim palaeographical widow" (in her own unjust phrase) who tells the story, if it can be called a story, has made that very point at the beginning. Though plotless, it is beautifully shaped; it has a perfect flow, a rare amalgam of sense, fun and feeling, and, to crown all, a texture of uncommon richness. But it is easier to praise than to describe—where so much depends upon the view of life, and in the widest sense on style, one can do all too little but applaud.

In substance, this might be defined as an Edwardian elegy, except that "elegy" sounds over-plaintive. The museum pieces are a mother and son—the mother "sweet and summery," with locks of gold (at sixty-five or so), and a confiding little-girl naïveté; the son of her first marriage zestful and detached, "lordly yet playful," prematurely bald, haunted by intimations of decay. Right from the start, when Jane first goes to catalogue their papers, there are signs that night must fall. The old home has been swallowed up; economy is in the air. But it is not in character, nor yet apparent in the setting. Dear Mrs. Mountfaun is living spaciously in Duchess's Gate, surrounded by her "things"—treasures of history and art—while Toby d'Arfey has the world to play with. And he needs it all. His tastes, his schemes, even his talents are recklessly expensive. Later, his money-making projects are a gulf. But fate is hostile too; he and his mother are survivors from a wider age, so all occasions, logically, have declared against them. Yet their decline, though rapid and portentous as a meteor, is full of light and even of exhilaration. War brings the *coup de grâce*—and at the moment of extinction, they approach sublimity.

And it is all such fun. Their world is rich in characters—life-like as seen by Jane, but in the prism of Toby's wit, fantastic, legendary monsters. He has an almost fearful genius as a raconteur. And Jane is the ideal spectator: fond, sensitive, detached, and as magnanimous as her beloved subjects.

"An Exile in Soho," by Mrs. Robert Henry (Dent; 16s.), might be called honorary fiction: fiction, that is to say, in its appeal, and in its apprehension of experience. Whereas the stuff, once more, is fact. It is astounding what a wealth of fact, what inexhaustible supplies of drama and of human interest, this writer can extract from her own past: as a result, perhaps, of that alliance between character and destiny which is the backbone of "Museum Pieces." At first she seemed unconscious of her store and her peculiar vein; she even launched out as a male impersonator—which was wild indeed. Hence the revised edition of "A Farm in Normandy," in which first blunders are corrected. But at the same time she is going ahead. For there is always more; indeed, the present volume is "left over" from "The Little Madeleine." In those last years before the little Madeleine broke through to the Savoy, her mother married a French cook, and left him. This is the story of the match, and of the husband's life—even, at long range, of his sister's life. A short and melancholy marriage; an extended episode.

It starts in Lyons, where Etienne's mother ran a dressmaking business. The boy, reared in a whirl of skirts, chose to become a cook, and spent his early years as a nomadic genius, sampling the great hotels of Europe. Meanwhile, his lovely sister had espoused a railwayman, and run off with a German artist who had more to give. (In all these books, money appears the hard condition of romance.) Then the young rover was induced to take a wife, and start a little business of his own. That was his fatal hour; the shop failed, and the dowry went, and the revolving years found him a widower, a cripple, in a London basement, with two "foreign" children on his hands.

And there we get back to the little Madeleine. In those bad times, her mother thought that life with Etienne would be less hard. When it turned out still harder, she forsook him. That drab *ménage*, with Madeleine's irrepressible ambition thrusting to the sun like grass through asphalt, is as bleak, brilliant and original as anything in the whole record. And there are charming incidents as well. But one must own it is a desultory book; and these last strokes in the rare portrait of her mother are a trifle chilling.

"Family Album," by Antonia Ridge (Faber; 12s. 6d.), also has a French theme; and, if not very rigidly a novel, it is as nice a little story, in a modest way, as you could hope to meet. An orphan child, brought up in England by her mother's sister, has two near-magical belongings: a little china house from Germany, and a "family album" with scenes from her French father's youth. Apart from that, she and her life are perfectly humdrum. She grows up, she becomes a teacher, she is middle-aged. Then Aunt Kate dies; and Dorothy packs up her album and her china house, and starts for Nimes, where Grandpa used to have a café-restaurant. That was two wars and fifty years ago. But all Provence, she instantly discovers, is on fire to help her. Everyone speeds her quest, through a blithe series of adventures to a perfect haven. Sentimental, yes. But it is also funny, sensible, instructive—and what a cordial for the *entente*!

"The House of the Seven Flies," by Victor Canning (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), starts with a German raid on a Dutch bank. The German launch was sunk; the loot has vanished without trace. And yet not quite, since there was one survivor. So Furse gets on to it after the war, through a Dutch charter passenger in his *Arletta*. He lands in Holland with a dead man and a secret chart, and a resolve to trace the cache. Only—the Dutch police are suspicious of him; the "Seven Flies" is an elusive landmark; and he runs slap into a partner of his late client, and a rival gang. . . .

Good, straight adventure, quickening towards the end; excellent Dutch-and-sailing scenes; and, in one Charlie Ponz of Rotterdam, a really admirable crook.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM TROLLOPE TO "PUNCH."

ALL lovers of Trollope will rejoice at the reappearance of "The Warden" in the Oxford Illustrated Trollope, with an introduction by Mgr. Ronald Knox, and illustrations by Edward Ardizzone (Oxford University Press; 15s.). It is only three years short of a century since Anthony Trollope produced the first of the Barsetshire novels. During that time he rose to great popularity, suffering thereafter an almost complete eclipse. I say "almost" advisedly, because as Mgr. Knox says, there are "those of us who can boast that we loved Trollope a generation ago, long before his almost unprecedented return to public favour." That unprecedented return to favour coincided with a boom in Austens and the escapism of the war years. No better antidote to an air-raid shelter or off-duty hours in a command post could be found than the gentle Mr. Harding or the imperious Lady Catherine de Burgh. As Mgr. Knox points out, in "The Warden" Trollope was attempting the impossible feat of satirising both parties to a dispute at once. Why "impossible," though? If, as Mgr. Knox rightly points out, Trollope disliked abuses, while at the same time had a robust dislike of glib reformers, if he was equally angry with the Church for allowing such abuses as those practised by the Earl of Guildford at the Hospital of St. Cross, near Winchester, and with the Press, notably *The Times*, for making so much capital out of it, he was perfectly at liberty to have his say through the medium which he had chosen. I cannot agree with Mgr. Knox that he fails to succeed. One is left with respect which young John Bold came to feel for the formidable Archdeacon Grantly, with sympathy for that same over-enthusiastic young reformer and with dislike only for the hypocritical and pontifical Tom Towers of the *Jupiter* and the deplorable attorney Finney. As for dear Mr. Harding, that gentle and delightful man, Trollope, as Mgr. Knox says, was always a bad judge of his own works, but "could not fail to realise that Mr. Harding was a creation." Indeed he was, and like Archdeacon Grantly, we long for his reappearance. Let us hope that it will not long be delayed in the shape of another volume in this admirable series. Mr. Edward Ardizzone's illustrations are as charming as one might expect from that delightful artist, and Dr. R. W. Chapman's "Who's Who" and "Notes" as scholarly and as witty as one could wish. The cross-references to other novels will prove most useful to all spiritual inhabitants of Barsetshire.

A greater contrast with that gentle Trollopean countryside, with its mild and modulated passions, than the Ireland of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries it would be difficult to imagine. Mr. Brian Fitzgerald is, as I have pointed out before, becoming one of the leading historians of Ireland. In his last book, "The Geraldines," he described how that great Norman-Irish clan were destroyed by Queen Elizabeth. Their place was taken by a new race, the Anglo-Irish, the planters of the Elizabethan, and particularly of the Cromwellian settlement. The Anglo-Irish were to make immense contributions to the history, not merely of Ireland but of the British Empire, and although they became as Irish (in their own view) as had the Norman-Irish before them, the circumstances in which they established themselves in Ireland, and the excessive cruelties which accompanied that establishment, were responsible for the horrors of the Civil War which saw the end of the Ascendancy. Ireland is notoriously a country of long memories, which those of English blood forgot, so that Anglo-Irishmen, whose houses were burnt in the troubles, who felt themselves as Irish as their attackers, found it hurtlingly incredible that they were paying for the cruelties and excesses of their ancestors. Mr. Fitzgerald, in "The Anglo-Irish" (Staples; 25s.), draws three pictures of three great men—the Earl of Cork, the first Duke of Ormonde and Jonathan Swift—and round them creates a vivid picture of how the ascendancy was established, the evils it produced and the Anglo-Irish champions of the unfortunate natives, such as Swift, which it threw up. The picture of stout old Ormonde, unwavering in his Royalism and his Protestantism, upholding the King's cause for two generations is an attractive one. While his picture of Swift is one of the most sympathetic and pleasing of the great Dean which I have read, Mr. Fitzgerald's enthusiasm for his subject tends to carry him away, and there are few Celtic Irish who will agree with Mr. Fitzgerald that "Cromwell by nature was not a cruel man," or that "never in the English wars had he been anything but merciful" (at Basinghouse, for example?). What no Irishman will ever forgive Cromwell is not so much his atrocities, but the sanctimonious calling upon the Lord which accompanied them. However, in spite of Mr. Fitzgerald's almost blind worship of Cromwell and "King Billy," this is an interesting and valuable book.

"Some tracts of France," writes Mr. James Pope-Hennessy in "Aspects of Provence" (Longmans; 18s.), "are still wild and as resolutely uninhabitable as the larger part of the North American continent. Provence is not amongst them, for at each step you realise that this rich countryside has been lived in and lived over for many centuries. Up in the hillside vineyards, down amongst the groves of twisted olive-trees, you can smell antiquity. It seems present in the apple orchards round the town of Arles, in the resinous forests on the mountains west of Aix, and on the shores of maritime Provence . . . where the pale and sweet mimosa flowers in lemon cataracts in early spring. . . . Even the deserted regions of High Provence seem drenched in human living." Mr. Pope-Hennessy's book sets out to take the reader to all those parts of the ancient Roman province which are unknown to the traveller who merely goes to the "South of France." It is attractively written, and conveys the essential feel of that sun-drenched, ancient, delightful land.

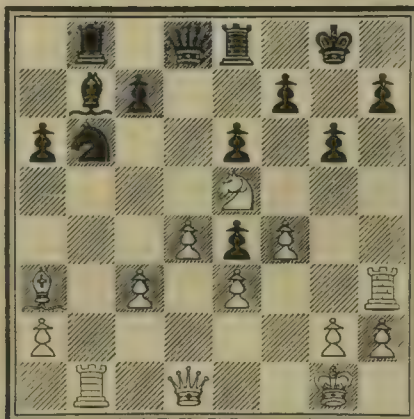
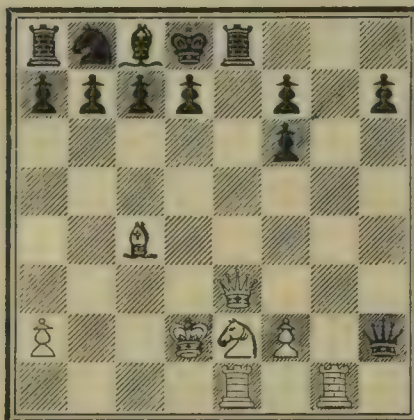
I find "The Pick of Punch" (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.) quite impossible to review. For how adequately to distil a perfect distillation? As its name implies, it is a selection of all that is best in that famous (and, if one notices, rapidly changing) humorous magazine. I can only suggest that you get it for yourself, and having done so, purchase other copies to give away for Christmas.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HERE are two positions to test your powers of visualisation and combination. In each, White, to play, forces mate within a few moves. The best advice I can give in connection with them has an unpatriotic ring, I fear: "Don't have too much regard for your queen!" I would add, if you want to enjoy the pleasure of solving them, cover this page with a sheet of paper and lower it gradually, so as to disclose only the diagrams, for the solutions are below.



I am constantly being sent positions from unfinished games to adjudicate: "Who would have won?" A lot of hard work they give me sometimes. Seldom do they work out so neatly as one which came in last week, from a quite important match. Place White's king on his Kt8, his queen on Kt8; bishop on Q8; pawns QKt2, KB2, Kt2, KR3. Black: king on K3, queen Q7, rook KB2, pawns QR2, KB3, Kt3 and KR2. White, to play, is awarded the win because he can within five moves either mate Black's king or win his queen and rook for nothing! I leave it to you to work out how.

Solutions:

First diagram—1. Q×Rch! K×Q; 2. Kt-Q4 dis ch, K-B1; 3. R-K8ch! K×R; 4. R-Kt8ch, K-K2; 5. Kt-B5 mate.

Second diagram—1. Q-R5! P×Q; 2. R-Kt3ch, K-R1; 3. Kt×BP mate.



POT-DE-NAZ

THIS EXAMPLE of one of Honoré Daumier's famous caricatures of bourgeois society first appeared in the French comic journal *Charivari*. The title of the picture is a pun on the name of the subject, Baron Joseph de Podenas.

Daumier, who was born at Marseilles in 1808, often modelled his subjects in clay before drawing them on lithographic stone. His satirical drawing of King Louis Philippe as "Gargantua", which was published in *La Caricature* led to his imprisonment for six months.

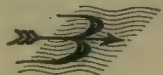
That Daumier's work continued to appear even after his imprisonment epitomises the traditional freedom of the Press in a free world. In contemporary times the caricaturist continues to satirise public figures with no hindrance except the censorship of good taste exercised by the Press itself.

Today the newspapers and journals of the free world, with their immense facilities for obtaining news and information, bring the searchlight of knowledge and comment to bear on world-wide affairs which otherwise might be conducted (and in countries where news is censored are so conducted) behind a curtain of secrecy. With a free press at his disposal no literate person need today be ill-informed.

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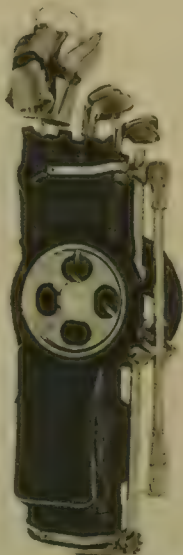
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The Carthusian Monks gather in the mountains of La Grande Chartreuse the aromatic herbs, 130 of which are blended in the production of Chartreuse liqueurs.



From all the neighbouring regions, the poor and the sick come to the Monastery to demand the famous liqueurs from the Monks.



For many years the liqueurs were sold in small quantities in Grenoble and Chambéry by the "Good Brother Charles", who loaded them on his donkey.



In 1848, officers of the Army of the Alps, on manoeuvres in the Massif of La Grande Chartreuse, tasted the liqueurs at the Monastery, and soon propagated their fame throughout France.



The sales soon developed enormously, and in 1860 the Carthusian Monks constructed their model distillery at Fourvoine, a few kilometres from their Monastery.



During the course of the terrible epidemic of Cholera which in 1832 devastated France, the liqueurs of La Grande Chartreuse rendered inestimable services to the sick.



In 1803 the Monks were expelled and took refuge in Spain. They returned to the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse in 1940 to continue in France the manufacture of their famous liqueurs.

La Grande CHARTREUSE

THE QUEEN OF LIQUEURS

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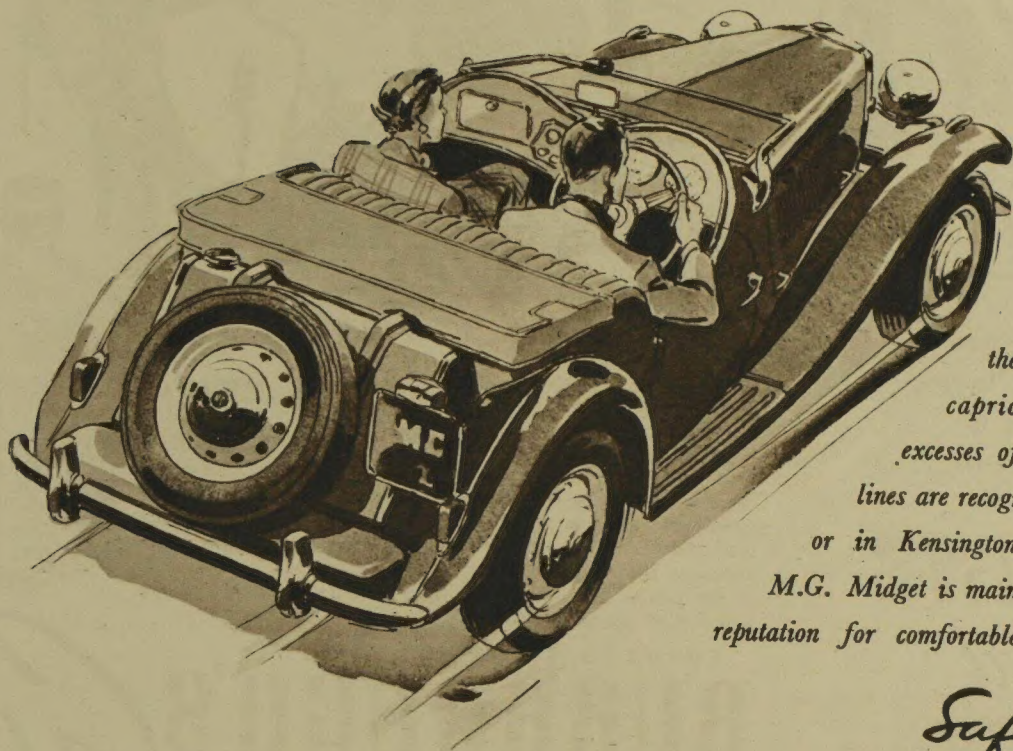
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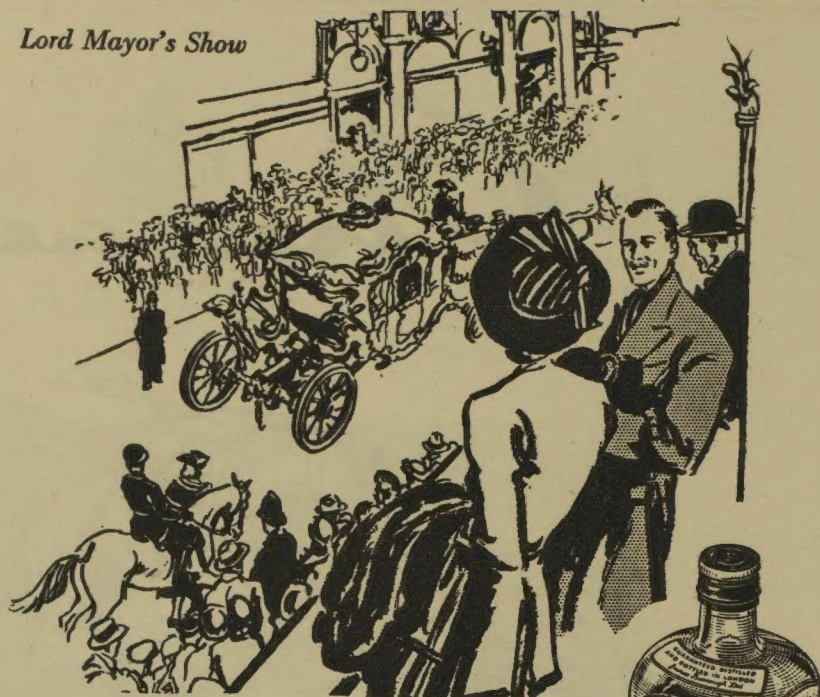


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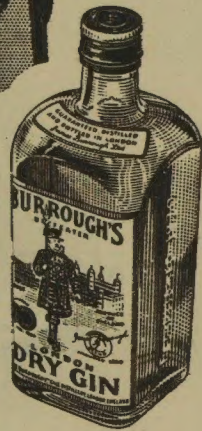
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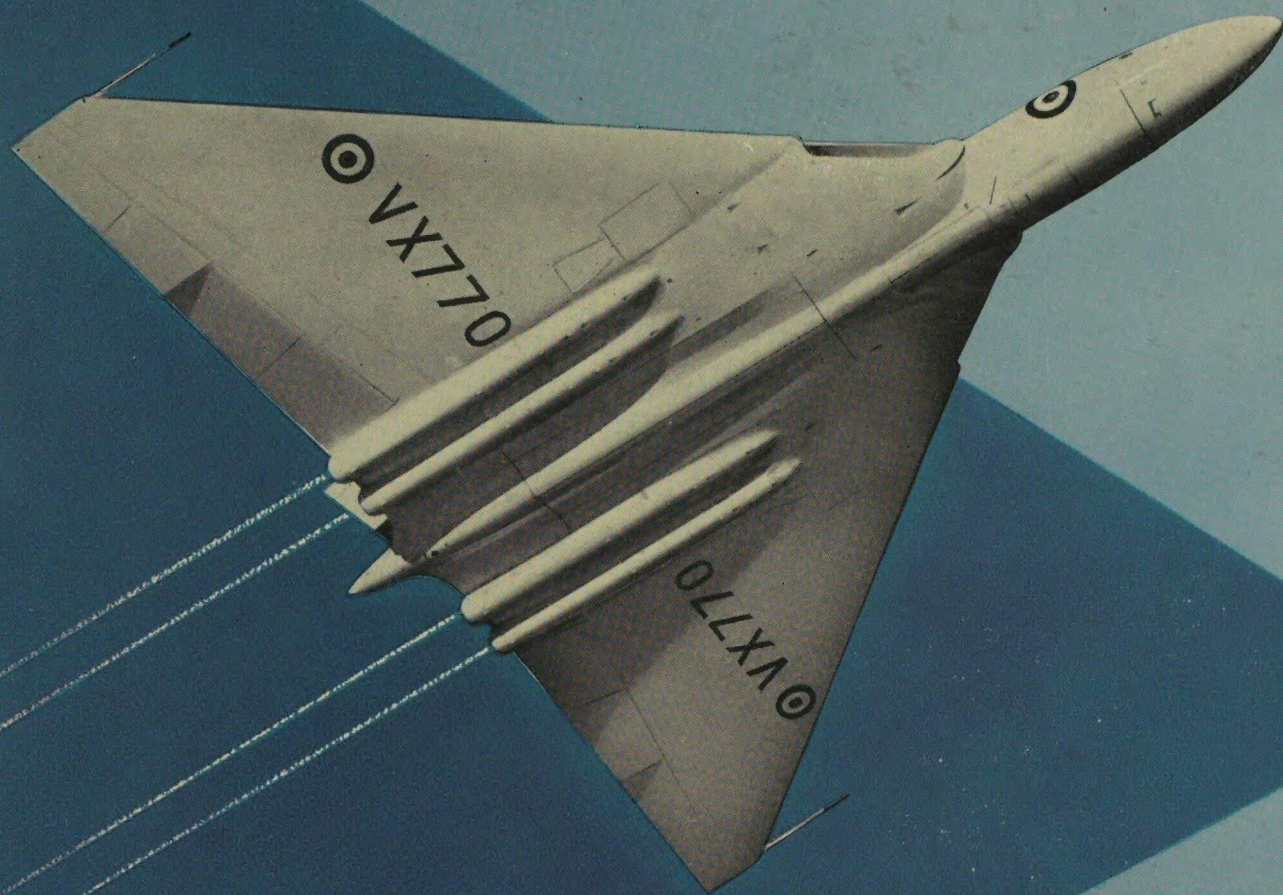
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